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Vol. CLXX No. 2226 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPTEMBER 19 1942

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THE GREYS IN THE GREAT WAR

1914

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Volume CLXX No. 2226 The SPHERE, London, September 19, 1942

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

MR. WENDELL WILLKIE, EN ROUTE FOR HIS TOUR OF THE MIDDLE EAST, MEETS LORD SWINTON IN WEST AFRICA

Mr. Willkie is the representative of President Roosevelt; he has been touring the Middle East and Persia, seeing the Allied effort in those regions and putting forward the Allied point of view in neutral countries such as Turkey. He has also visited the fighting area in Egypt (where the picture reproduced at the top of page 355 of this issue was taken). Whilst on his way out, Mr. Willkie passed through British West Africa; during his brief stay on the Gold Coast he had an informal meeting with Lord Swinton, who went out recently as Resident Minister. The British effort in this area is prodigious, as, indeed, is implied in Lord Swinton's appointment. Doubtless Mr. Willkie learnt much from the Minister in this connection!

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 159

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Parliament.—It was *vox et praeterea nihil*.—There was no debate. Mr. Churchill spoke, and Members, like partridges, rose with a whirr of wings and went off to their feeding-grounds. Sir Stafford, in the accents of an outraged governess, told them how gross was their dereliction of duty. Their job was as important as that of the man in the slit trench or at the factory bench. How hollow was the echo of his admonishment! Shall I ever meet in a crowd, in a bus, in a train, *one* citizen who to-day takes Parliament seriously, who subscribes to Sir Stafford's words? Shall I, while the war lasts and the present Parliament continues to misrepresent the nation at war and the nation reborn, hear a single voice-in-the-street which contradicts the general view that the present House of Commons has its roots in a dead era, and its mind on a restoration of that dead era; and neither thinks nor acts nor interprets current political and social ideas as representatives of a great and free people, reborn and revivified and reorientated? I doubt it. The war which we hope will kill Hitlerism has already killed the British Parliament as we have too long known it. That is a step forward, perhaps.

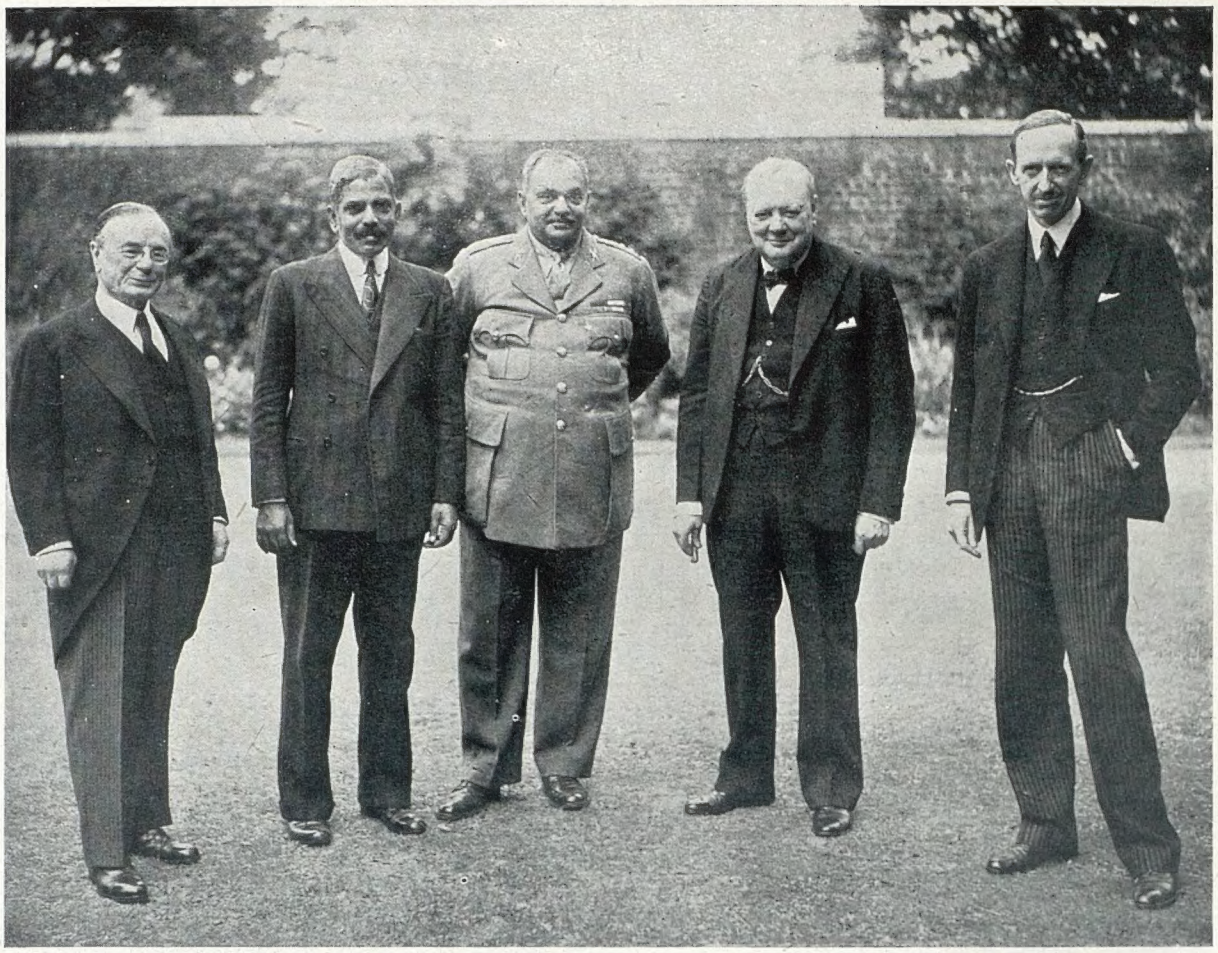
Party Politics—Not Dead, But Sleeping.—

" Now that 's a sight you seldom meet,
Three party leaders in the street,
Maintaining, with no little heat,
Their various opinions."

It is not a common sight. In a war like this, it must strike many people as fantastic, unbelievable, when the enemy is battering on every door and every weak spot in our defences, pledged to destroy us root and branch, and still confident that he will succeed in his aim. None the less, it *happened*. To do the " parties " justice, it was a coincidence. An annual fixture, with its roots deep in our ancient traditions, brought them all into the street together, with an irrepressible *nostalgie de la boue* of party strategy. " It is not dead (and stinking), but sleepeth." As Mr. Attlee said: " Even to-day we are shaping the post-war world. . . . After the war we shall revert to a healthy rivalry between parties." Meanwhile, they build their imposing façades with any bricks their rivals may have missed. There are not too many lying about, for you can't make bricks without straw. The façades rise and the builders admire their creations and believe in the strength of the foundations. But is there anything behind the façades, and will there be an audience before the flimsy curtain? Hitler or the post-war political mentality of our nation will settle it one day, whether this tiresome old game played with cardboard counters, rose angels and spade guineas and other antiquated currency, is to continue to waste our time and distract our attention. Myself, I think it is played out. A plague on *all* your parties!

Rommel's Medicine.— The fog of war is made more opaque by premature optimism and boasts. We bitterly learned that lesson more than once in the desert. The fog may be little dissipated by reticence carried to extreme. But, even if exaggerated, the reaction to reticence is essential wisdom. The Battle of El Hemeimat was released rather like Jutland: it didn't look too good until, little by little, like blood extracted from a stone, the bull points got through to us. Even now we should be mad to halloo: Rommel will come again and has plenty of shots in his locker; but there is adequately-tested evidence that he has taken a knock, that he moved all he had forward to test for a weak spot for a dash on Alexandria, and that, not finding it, he was compelled, after a severe mauling, to withdraw the whole reinforced Afrika Korps back to where they started from. The best and most optimistic evidence came from Mr. Willkie, who was on the spot on September 4, the vital, decisive day. He is not a heady boaster. He weighed the available evidence and put Rommel's setback in the light of a decisive defeat and perhaps a " turning-point." He even suggested that the threat to Egypt was averted. The R.A.F. and the camera supply other strong evidence that Rommel's losses in tanks and transport were severe. Without throwing up our hats, without reading between the lines of the terse bulletin or regrouping the admitted facts to make a rosy picture, we are justified in saying that Rommel has had a severe setback and that the initiative may soon pass to the Allies. How important this is can only be assessed by those who realise that the battles for Stalingrad and Baku and Alexandria are one battle, and that Malta and Moscow and Mozdok are bastions in a single defence line.

The Optimists.—A wise friend wrote to me: " Don't be too hard on the optimists. They may not *all* be boasting. Remember ——, who in 1917 was sacked for his certainty that the Germans could not last into 1919." It is a just observation. We react from pole to pole. It is because optimism in war is so dangerous, and yet so necessary, that none but a giant should ever venture on public utterances. The nice compromise between quiet confidence and the catalogue of the obstacles, known and unknown, on the road to victory, is almost beyond the superman. We grew to dread Mr. Churchill's war reviews, because any prediction of an optimistic kind seemed always to be followed swiftly by a new and unexpected reverse. He knows it. He has learned—he is big enough not to despise lessons—a devil of a lot. Through it all, he still knows well that, without hope, without confidence, a nation cannot give of its best in a war like this. The very wording of his " We can hold Egypt for many months to come " is proof positive of all he has learned. He could not *wish* to say even that. The cardinal point in his wide review of September 8, to my mind, was his reference to what is called " a second front." He came away from Moscow leaving Stalin and the Russians *unconvinced* about the possibilities of that " second front," but convinced of our loyal co-operation to the limit of what we and America conceive to be in our power. That " second front," despite every argument of statistics, is still viewed by the hard-pressed Russians to a man in terms of the men and machines (which we have), and not of the ships which we have not. The battle of the Seven Seas is, in Russian eyes, *not* bound up with land battles in Europe, and it is unlikely now that it ever will be so interpreted. Mr. Churchill and his advisers put every proof before Stalin, and failed to convince him. But Mr. Churchill came away convinced of Russia's determination not to yield, and that conviction was mutual. How vital his visit to Moscow was is proven to the hilt.

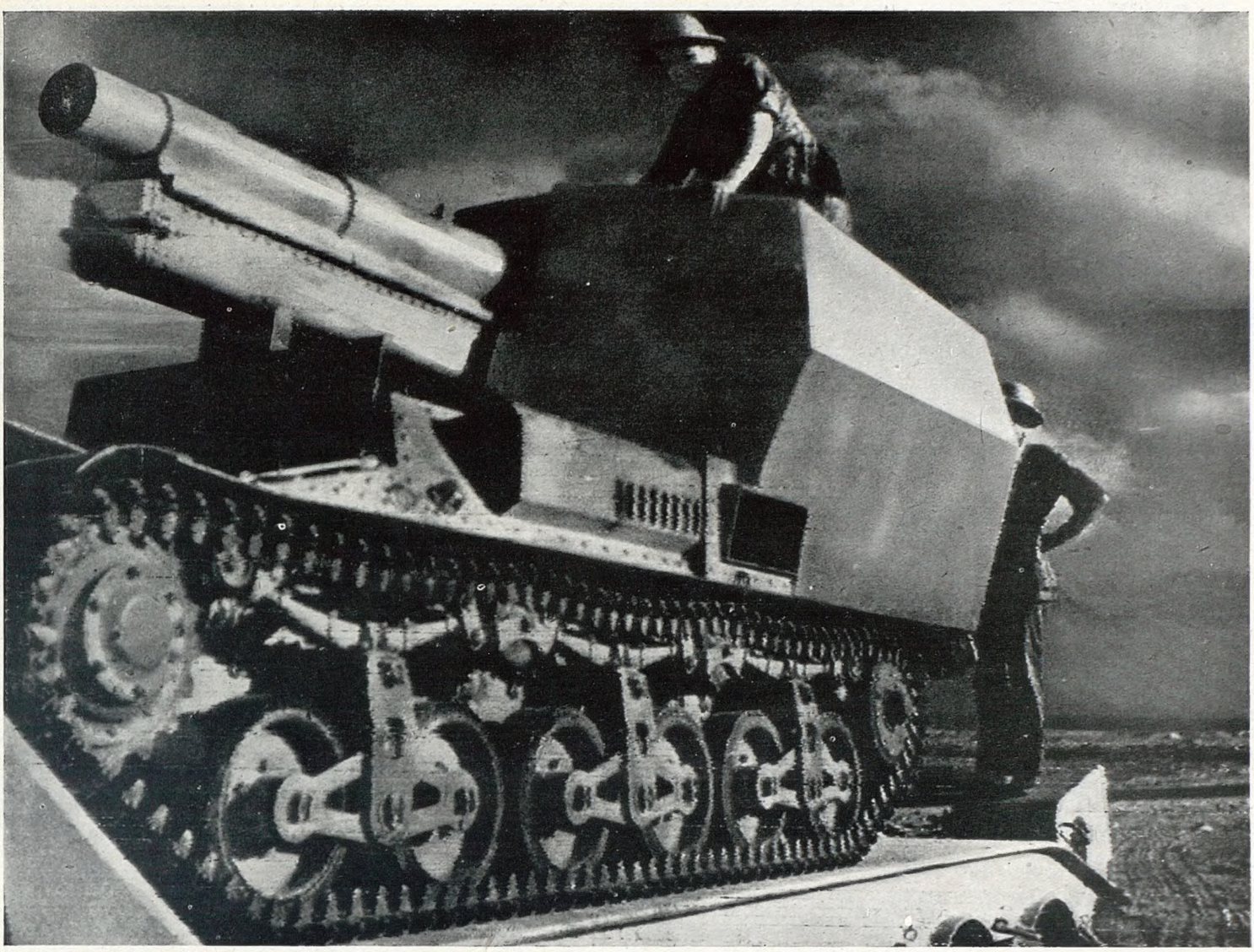


THE PRIME MINISTER WELCOMES THE REPRESENTATIVES OF INDIA AT NO. 10, DOWNING STREET: On the day after their arrival in London last week, the Premier entertained Lieut.-Col. the Maharaja Jam Saheb of Nawanagar and Sir Ramaswamy Mudaliyar, who will represent India at the War Cabinet and the Pacific Defence Council. A special train brought them to London from an airport, and they were met on the platform by Mr. Amery, Secretary of State for India, and the Duke of Devonshire, Parliamentary Under-Secretary. From left to right in the above picture are seen: Mr. Amery, Sir Ramaswamy Mudaliyar, Lieut.-Col the Maharaja Jam Saheb of Nawanagar, Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Cranborne, Secretary of State for the Colonies

Channel Tunnel.—For decades the Channel tunnel controversy was a stimulating feature of our Press symposium at recurring intervals. I believe the " Company " is still in being. Strategists used to debate its advantages and dangers in time of war, and its value strategically increased and decreased according to the conditions envisaged. Before there were aeroplanes, British sea power could be relied on to hold the narrows; when France was a fighting ally, holding her Channel ports, the Channel tunnel was of less importance in war. To-day, sea power is threatened in narrow waters by land-based aeroplanes, and Germany holds all the Channel ports. Think what a Channel tunnel would mean to either side endeavouring to invade enemy or enemy-held territory! I allowed myself to examine the fantastic possibilities. I forget how long under ideal conditions a tunnel would take to build. Ten years? I do not know how secretly and unobservedly it could be built. But here is a charming figment of fancy to toy with: the Germans are a patient, competent race. They wish to invade Britain. They have been working at the tunnel since July 1940, and have achieved prodigies. The tunnel is now under England and only awaits an opening, and a safeguarded bridge-head to be held for a single week of feverish completion work, after which men and munitions will flow in in a continuous and hidden and protected stream, safe from ships and planes. Or, better still, Britain has done the work. The tunnel is under French soil, only waiting, etc. . . . Are we alive to the danger and snooping round for the site of the tunnel exit? Are the Nazis doing ditto? Who is favourite for the Secret Weapon Stakes?

Exit Suñer.—Suñer (or later) I expected a change in Spain's foreign policy. If there be one country in Europe as *Nationalist* as Germany, it is, and ever has been, Spain. Franco undoubtedly leans to Germany and the Axis. His Foreign Minister Suñer proved himself, time and again, more Nazi than the Nazis, as bitter a hater of Britain as Laval, and only in subservience to Hitler less completely a Nazi tool. But times are changing. The certainty of a Nazi victory and new order in Europe is somehow, in the fourth year, less certain; while no less certain than ever is this deep-rooted Spanish nationalism. " Keep the foreigner out; Spain for the Spaniards; keep out every tempter and spy and fifth columnist whatever his race, who would draw Spain once more into the maelstrom." And now that the South American Republics are ranging themselves almost solidly against the Axis, frank defiance and outspoken loathing of the Allies seem a policy of sheer suicide and isolation for a country which must one day perish, if it finds itself without friends and the resources they control. Suñer has gone. He has found " personal reasons " for going. Let us leave it at that, and read into it no more than this: that Franco is suddenly made aware of the intensity of this nationalist feeling in Spain, and aware also that in the scales of war the balance is growing more even. The Allied pan is filling weightily, the Axis pan is turning upwards. It is reasonable to scorn a 100-to-1 plater; it is wiser to hedge and guard one's tongue when there are two even-money tips for the Big Race.

THE OLD STAGER

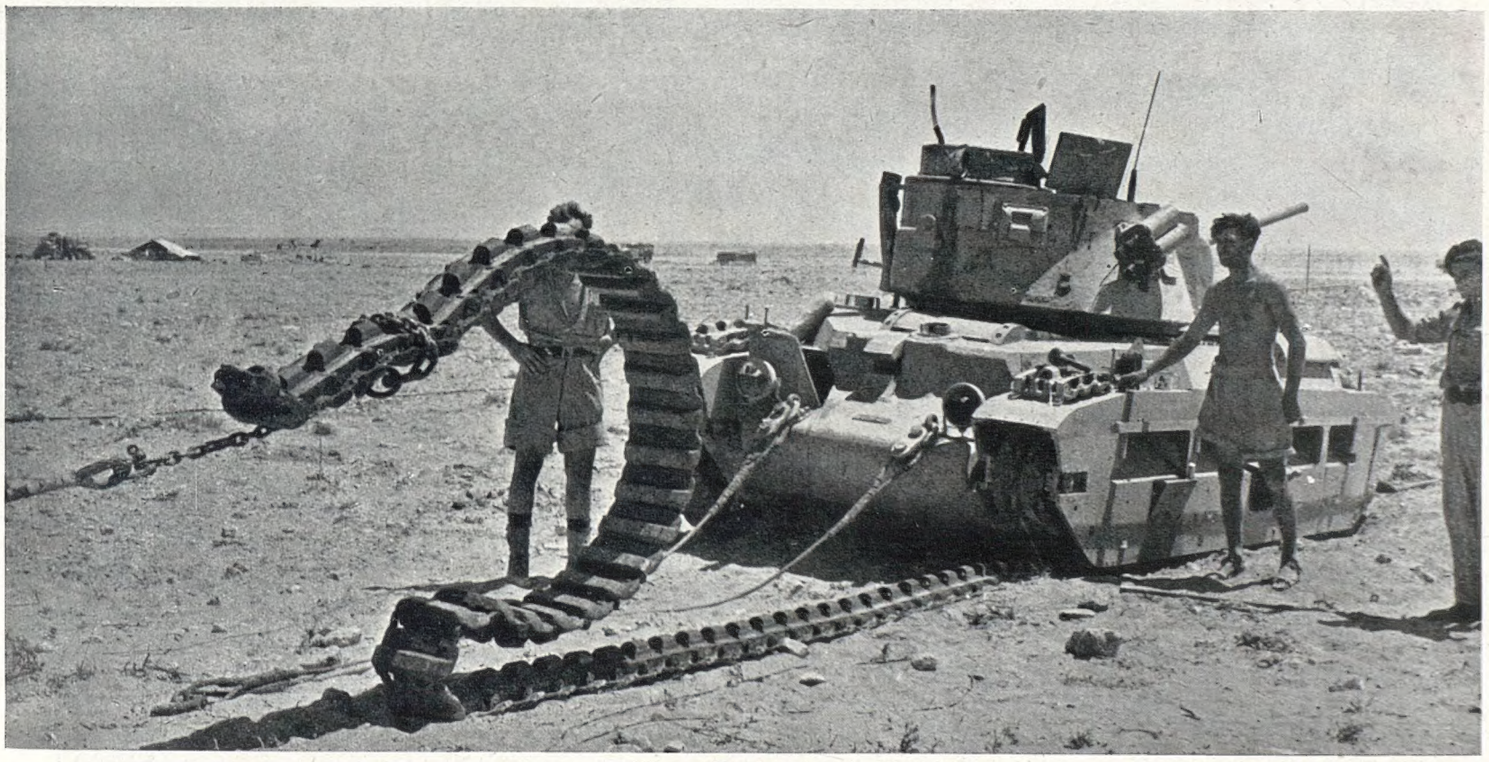


EGYPT: A New German Weapon

A Tank, which is a Mobile Gun Platform, Just Captured by the 8th Army

—An Official Picture Wirelessed from Cairo

This extraordinary picture shows a new German armoured weapon which has just been inspected by Mr. Wendell Willkie during his tour of the Middle East. It is the first of its kind to be captured by the 8th Army in Egypt, and it was taken during Rommel's unsuccessful drive on our positions in the desert around El Hemeimat. The tank chassis is of French manufacture: possibly it came from the Renault Works near Paris, recently bombed by the R.A.F. The huge gun is a 15-cm. weapon, and is of German make. The speedometer in the driver's compartment showed that the tank had been driven for less than 1,000 kilometres. In effect, this great vehicle served merely as a platform for this biggest gun yet!



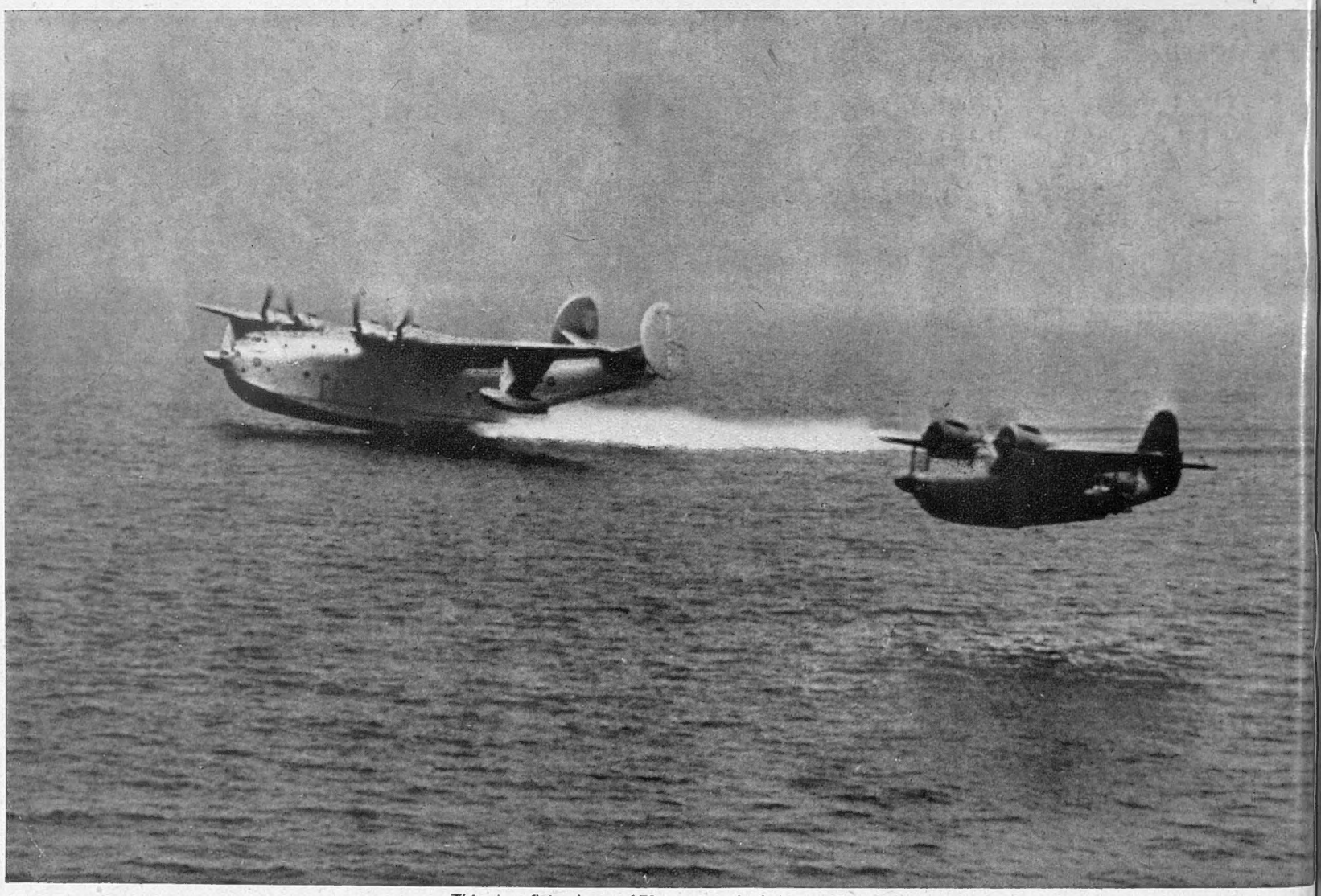
IN THE MINEFIELDS

Recovering Damaged Tanks in the Egyptian Desert

When a British tank is disabled in the desert fighting, South African engineers who have specialised in the work of Tank Recovery are soon on the scene. Their knowledge of mine-laying and mine-sweeping is considerable: with the aid of their detectors they frequently manage to bring out safely vehicles which have been damaged owing to the explosion of enemy mines. In this picture a Recovery Crew are seen getting treads back into position: the tank will then be towed away along a prepared path and safely extricated from the minefield

THE SPIRIT OF RUSSIA TO-DAY

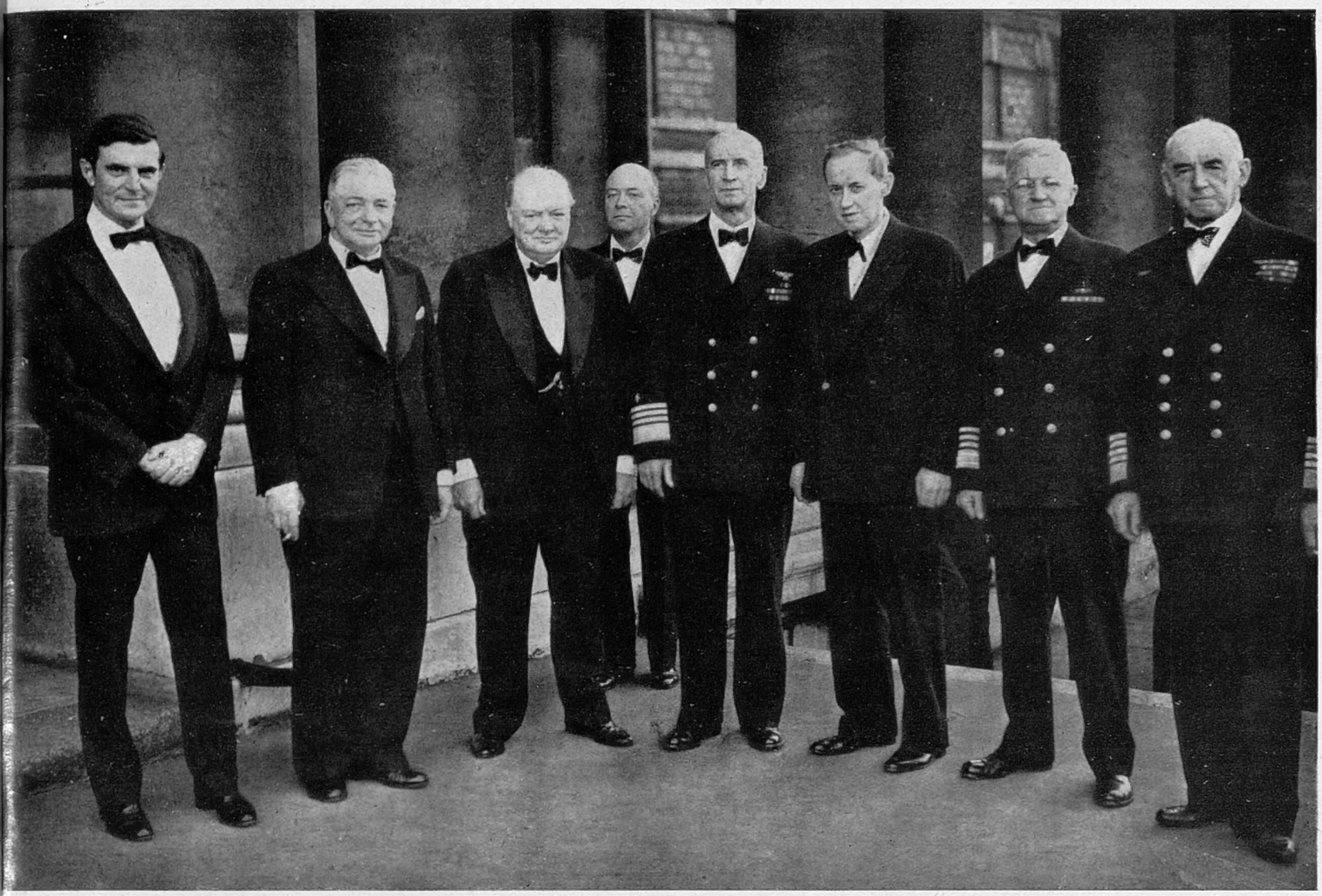
This picture shows how the civilian population of Soviet Russia are backing up the efforts of the Red Army in the field. It depicts the scene in a workshop of an underground factory "in a city of the Soviet Union which has suffered heavy attacks from the I aggressors." The workers are producing arms for defenders of the city, despite the crowded quart artificially-lit workshops, and the proximity of the en



THE CARGO PLANE OF THE FUTURE?

Mars Sets off on her Maiden Flight

This giant flying-boat, of 70 tons, was built by the Glenn L. Martin Company at Baltimore. It is here seen taking off on its maiden flight: beside her is a Grumman Amphibian, which is quite dwarfed by its huge companion. Flying-boats of this type may soon be in production in converted shipyards throughout America as the answer of U.S. aviation to the U-boat men Mr. Henry J. Kaiser, the famous U.S. engineer, based his plans for a fleet of cargo-carrying airc on this aeroplane: he is now actively engaged their manufacture in collaboration with Mr. How Hughes, of film and aviation fame



MR. CHURCHILL AND THE U.S. NAVAL CHIEFS

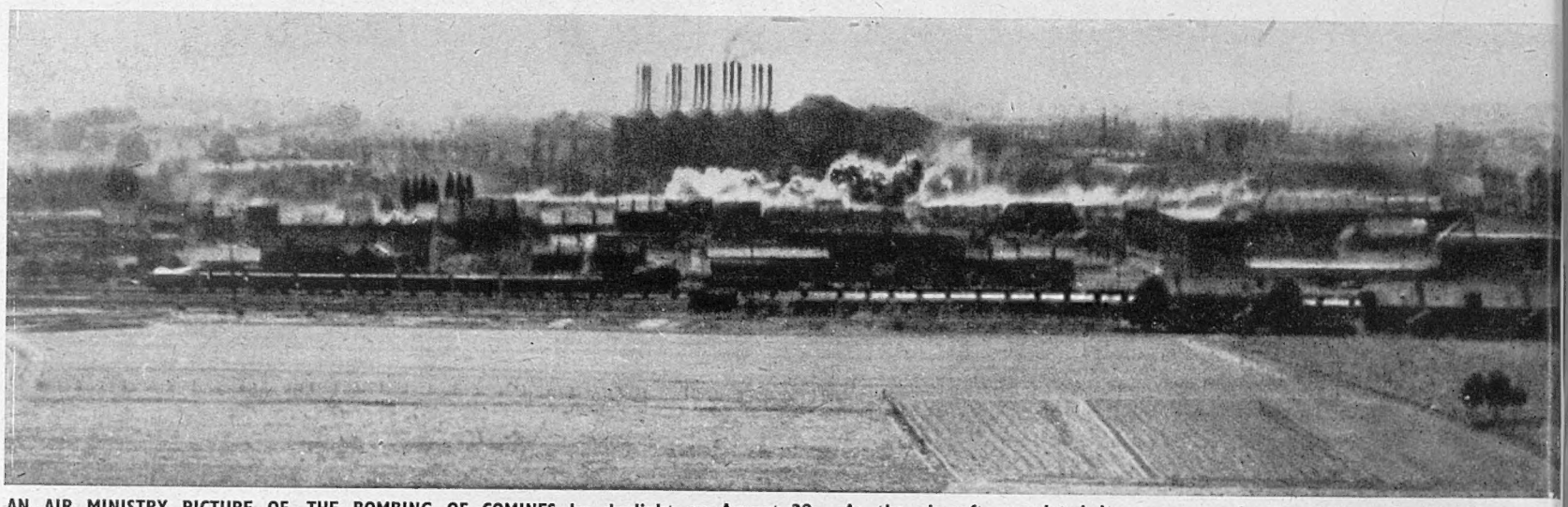
A Picture Taken at Greenwich on July 25, 1942

It has only just been announced that, on July 25 last, the Board of Admiralty entertained the Prime Minister, Admiral King of the U.S. Navy, Mr. Harry Hopkins, Mr. John G. Winant, and distinguished U.S. Government and Naval officials in the Painted Hall at Greenwich. A number of the guests on this occasion travelled down-river by launch from Westminster Pier. The picture above, showing some of the principal personalities present, was taken on the steps of the Painted Hall during the evening. From left to right are seen—Mr. J. G. Winant (U.S. Ambassador); Mr. A. V. Alexander (First Lord of the Admiralty); Mr. Winston Churchill; Mr. William C. Bullitt (Special Assistant to the Secretary of the U.S. Navy); Admiral Ernest J. King (Commander-in-Chief, U.S. Fleet, and Chief of Naval Operations); Mr. Harry Hopkins; Admiral Harold R. Stark (Commander, U.S. Naval Forces in Europe); and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound (First Sea Lord)

THE PRIMATE WITH THE HOME FLEET

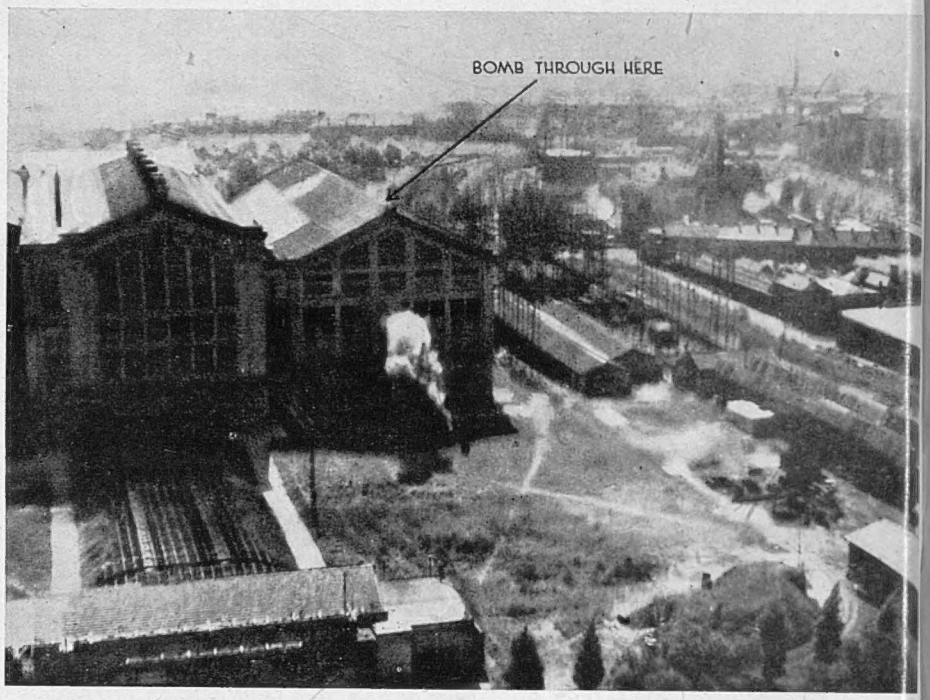
The Archbishop of Canterbury has just terminated a short visit to the Home Fleet, where he visited his Naval clergy. Besides holding services aboard the *King George V* and ashore at the base, the Primate met all the Church of England chaplains of the Home Fleet aboard the flagship. In the picture, on the left above, Dr. Temple is seen being greeted by Sir John Tovey, Commander-in-Chief, on his arrival: on the right he is seen with the captain on the bridge of H.M.S. *Eclipse*. Captain P. S. Mack, D.S.O., is one of four brothers—all of whom are in the Navy—known as the "Fighting Macks"

THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR BY AIR—Over Land and Over Sea

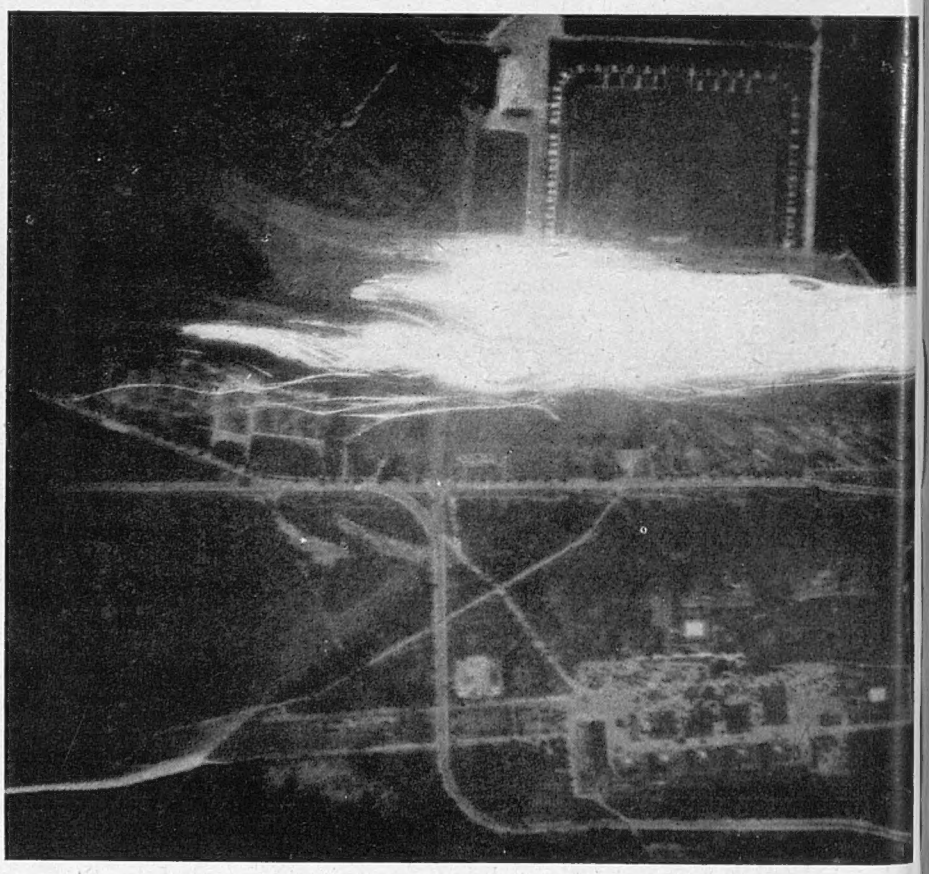


AN AIR MINISTRY PICTURE OF THE BOMBING OF COMINES by daylight on August 29. As the aircraft completed its run over the target it took this photograph of smoke rising from other bomb bursts : a subsequent photograph is published below

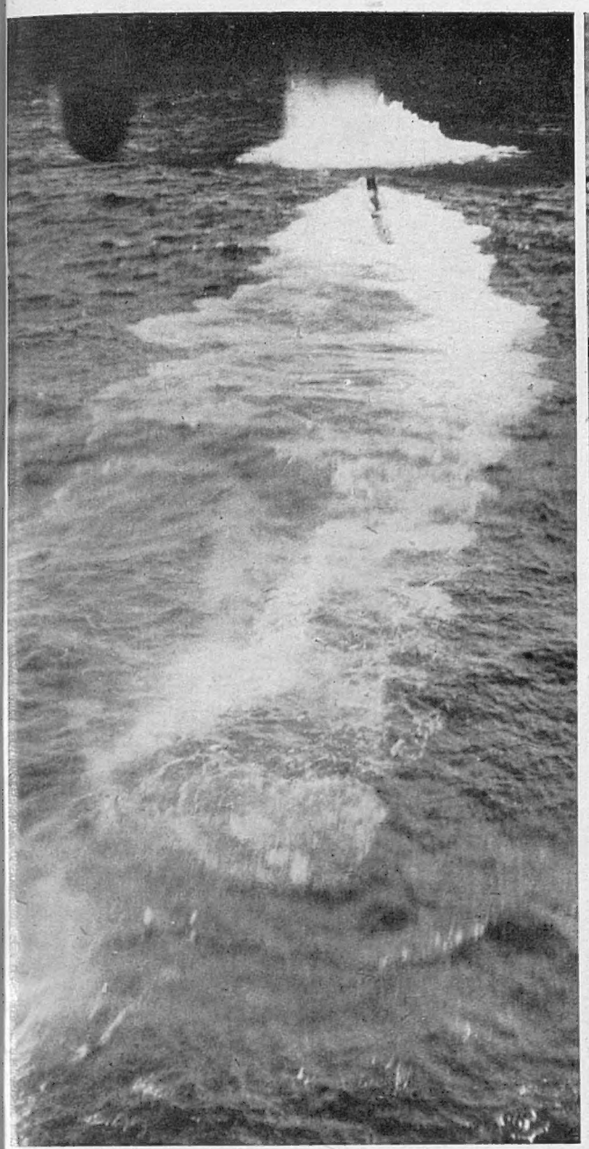
FIRES STILL BURN IN BREMEN THE FOLLOWING DAY after a heavy raid by R.A.F. bombers : Fires started in the Dock area of Bremen during the heavy raid by the R.A.F. on the night of September 4-5 were still burning the following day, when a reconnaissance aircraft photographed the town by daylight. The picture given here shows a section of the area with flames and smoke greatly in evidence. Above the river is the Altstadt—approximately six acres in extent—in which many buildings are gutted or still burning. Below the river more buildings are seen, some of which were also burning fiercely



THE BOMBING OF COMINES : A bomb penetrated the roof of the switch-house of the Power Station and appears to have burst on a lower floor. Smoke from the explosion is seen pouring from a lower window of the building : In the course of a roof-skimming daylight raid by Boston aircraft of Bomber Command, R.A.F., on August 29, the Power Station at Comines came under attack. This lies on the Belgian border to the north-west of the important industrial centre of Lille. During the course of the Raid, pictures by camera were secured a split-second after the bombs hit the switch-house : two of them, showing the subsequent explosions, are reproduced above



NUREMBERG, AUGUST 28-29. The big Rally Ground of the Nazi Party picked out by the light of fires burning fiercely beside it (see also picture at right)

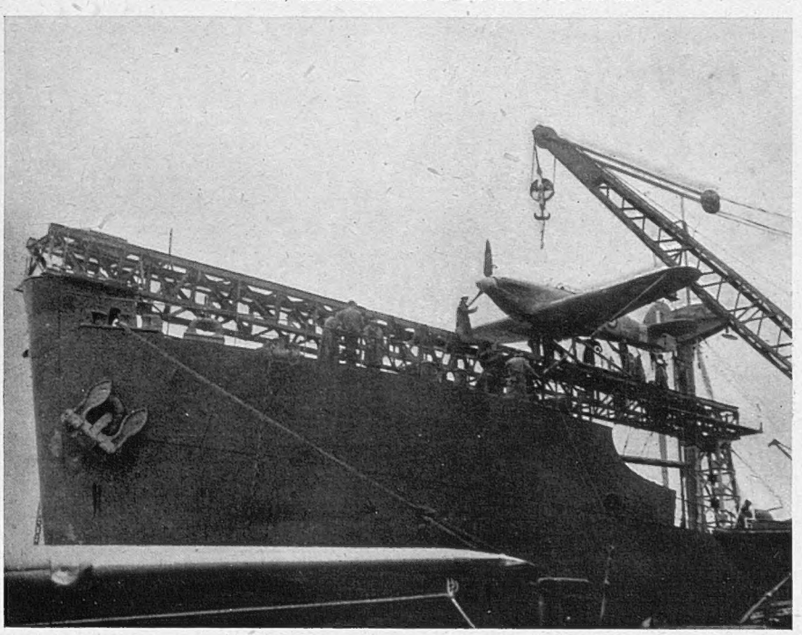


HOW THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC IS BEING FOUGHT by aircraft of the Coastal Command, R.A.F. : This picture was taken from one of the Hudson bombers now waging ceaseless war on the German and Italian submarines in the Atlantic. It shows the scene immediately after the aircraft had made a bombing attack on a U-boat. The "pig-boat" is seen proceeding on the surface and leaving a strong wake behind it : just ahead a bomb has burst. One of the wheels of the attacking plane is seen in the upper left-hand

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A FIGHTER CRASHES ON THE DECK OF AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER : A picture which demonstrates the risks run by pilots when taking off or landing, owing to the unpredictable movements of the big vessel in a heavy sea. This accident took place on a U.S. carrier : the crew of two were rescued uninjured after the crash

A TORPEDO-PLANE WHICH ATTEMPTED A CRASH-LANDING ON THE FLIGHT DECK, but which went over the side of the vessel into the sea : The upper of the two pictures above is a "scout-bomber" of the U.S. Navy : whilst making a landing on the flight deck of the carrier, it ended up on the catwalk of the ship. Both pilot and gunner were extricated from the plane—uninjured. The lower picture shows a torpedo-bomber which was forced to attempt a crash-landing : it went over the side into the sea, and the crew of three were rescued by the destroyer which always stands by an aircraft-carrier during operations. Shortly after the picture was taken, the aircraft went to the bottom of the sea

NUREMBERG : Incendiary bombs, just released from one of the raiders, seen in silhouette against the bomb-lit town : Examination of the photographs taken during the R.A.F. attack on Nuremberg on the night of August 28-29 shows that the raid was highly effective. All the photographs were taken whilst the bombs were going down or bursting on the ground : one, particularly outstanding (given on the left), shows a considerable area of fire near the famous Nazi Party rally ground. It is significant that the Germans made no reference to the bombing of Nuremberg on either their Home Radio services or their broadcasts to Occupied Countries



R.A.F. FIGHTERS WHO DEFEND THE MERCHANT NAVY : A Hurricane being placed on the catapult aboard ship : The pilots who operate in this fashion are amongst the R.A.F.'s most daring. With a small maintenance staff, they journey with armed merchant ships in Convoy. Their planes are catapulted off when going into action against enemy aircraft approaching the freighters. The whole operation is controlled by an officer of the Royal Navy known as the Fighter Defence Officer. At the end of a combat, or after running short of fuel, the pilot tries to land on friendly territory : if he is far at sea, he bales out, takes to his dinghy, and then waits to be picked up by motor-launch from the Convoy

SEÑOR SERRANO SUÑER SPOILT A FRANCO DREAM. . . .

Why Suñer Became the Pet of Berlin and of Rome, and the Promises and Prospects with which He Beguiled the Caudillo, His Brother-in-law; And Why, with the Fading of the Dream and the Entry into the War of Mexico and Brazil, General Franco Has Now Found it Convenient to Appoint a New Minister for Foreign Affairs in Spain

By FERDINAND TUOHY

BROTHERS-IN-LAW are apt to be persevered with in face of their records, and so it was with Ramon Serrano Suñer, who, if he was permitted to guide Spanish foreign policy for less than two years, contrived in that time to give Franco—hold your ears—a bum steer. (As a matter of fact, it 's good practice now that entertaining Americans is the vogue, since you will hear it even in Bostonian.)

Suñer illuminated a castle in Franco's mind, a castle in Latin America which the Caudillo had been building for years. Suñer persuaded his omnipotent brother-in-law that the sure and quick way to transmute this castle-building into reality, to project a Pan-Spanish movement over the whole of South America and so conjure a great Spanish renascence, almost a new empire, under the ægis of Madrid, would be to rely exclusively upon the backing of the conquering Hitler. Suñer stated a like case in regard to Franco's African expectations. He persuaded Franco that the sure and quick way to realise these sole possible accretions to Spanish colonial dominion would be to rely on the Nazis whisking them from France and giving them to Spain: most, if not all, of French Morocco, part of western Algeria, with luck even part of French West Africa. The Nazis could not but win the war decisively, Suñer drove it home, and he, Ramon, guaranteed that they would play fair by Fascist Spain in return for the latter coming out bang for the Führer.

One can visualise the brothers-in-law revolving a globe of the world and thrilling to what their brains conjured up. Look! Spain stretching away down the African coast—Tangier—Casablanca (Agadir perhaps a German enclave)—the Rio de Oro—Senegal—and, from all this coastline, acting as the glorious Fascist crusader-in-chief for the moral and material conquest of South America! Over there would be the welcoming hand—aye, and heart-beat, too—but these would be preponderantly for Spanish culture, race, language and religion. The great German and Italian colonies in South America could not alter that, and Hitler and Mussolini would, of course, recognise the fact. With the exception of part-Portuguese Brazil (and Franco intended that Salazar and he should keep fraternal step)—why, South America *was* Spain! As an earnest of Latin America's unchanging sentiments, did one need to go further than those remittances sent back in an unending stream to the Motherland by Spanish emigrants and the descendants of emigrants?

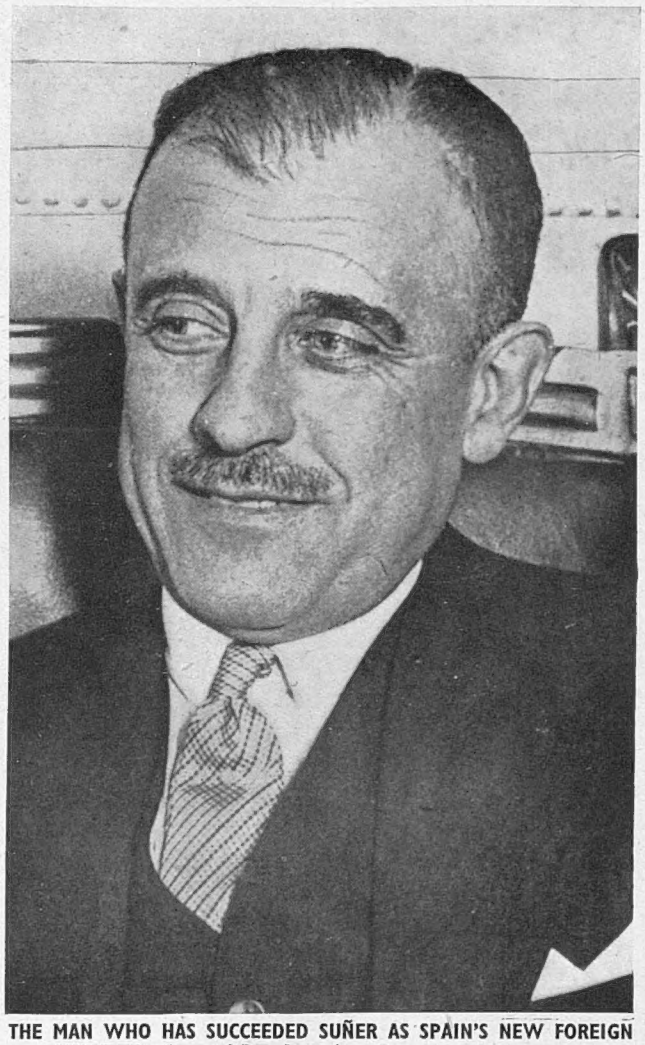
To assume the unchallenged primacy of the Iberian world in both hemispheres: *that* would be a triumph heralding a new national well-being, calculated to wash from Spaniards' minds in double-quick time even such memories as the bringing of Moors to kill and ravish inside Spain in A.D. 1936.

Towards the close of 1940, Franco was won by brother-in-law Ramon's white-hot advocacy: the way to Spanish imperial glory should be via Berlin. Was not Britain, standing alone, about to take the *coup de grâce*? Suñer was given the green light and he entered on a honeymoon period as the pet of Berlin and Rome. In showy uniform, he hopped from Madrid to Berlin, from Rome to Madrid. In Rome, he spoke more as an equal. Other things aside, it sent his stock up that he should be well considered by the Pope, as a devout son of the Church. That the devout son devoted his entire effort to the triumph of a murderous Wotanism beside which ordinary paganism was as the essence of sweet reason, added one more to the mysteries of Holy Church.

In Berlin, smooth, smiling and comradely "suggestions" were, in reality, instructions given to the self-constituted servitor. That Axis submarines should be tended in Spanish ports; that Spain should be thrown open to the Gestapo and to tens of thousands of other German agents and "tourists"; that large numbers of Spaniards should be sent to work in Germany; that Spain's industry, commerce and raw materials should be integrated with the German war effort; that a bitter enmity towards Britain and her friends should be maintained in act and word, were among Berlin's directions. Only a few days before his exit, Ramon was persevering with his anti-British virulence and nonsense ("England aims at the political and economic colonisation of Spain"), which demonstrated over again that hardened Fascists are expected to show no gratitude, ever, to those who think differently, even if the latter save one's life, as a British destroyer once saved Suñer from the hands of Spanish Republicans during the Civil War.

In course of time Suñer improved on matters by arranging for a Falangist division to go to the Eastern Front (one may speculate on whether its sojourn through another Russian winter is likely to be affected by its sponsor's supersession), and by zealously preparing the ground for Spanish entry into the war beside Hitler. Suñer longed for the day when Hitler's victories would be such as to enable him to request right of way down to Gibraltar, since that would be the signal for Falangist Spain to march into French Morocco. Was not that the understanding with Berlin?

Suñer's Nordic honeymoon lasted for about a year. Until November 1941 Franco saw his Latin America dream steadily gaining in probability by his brother-in-law's method. The German defeat before Moscow was the first contrary sign, to be followed quickly by Axis forcing of the United States into the war despite of Franco's well-known striving against just such an occurrence. Was this playing ball among Fascist comrades? Nor were Japanese victories all balm for the Caudillo, who saw in them a risk of the little yellow men intruding upon Spanish primacy on the west coast of South America, while there were always those hundreds of thousands of Japanese settled on the East coast.



THE MAN WHO HAS SUCCEEDED SUÑER AS SPAIN'S NEW FOREIGN MINISTER—General Don Francisco Gomez Jordana: In taking up the post of Foreign Minister in succession to Serrano Suñer, General Jordana reassumes the office which he held in the first Government established by General Franco in the Spanish Civil War

It was imperative that the South American Republics should never vary in their viewing of the Spanish hand reaching towards them, with its promise of a new racial éclat, new wealth and power in the world. Such was the keystone. Now here were all save the Argentine giving an unmistakable "thumbs down" to Hitler—and Spain's Foreign Minister was Hitler's man pushing Hitler's policy! The light began to dim in Franco's Latin-American castle with the findings of the Pan-American Conference at Rio, where all save Argentina and Chile broke with the Axis and nine South American States declared war on it. Worse was to follow, for the brothers-in-law who had gambled, when Mexico and then Brazil entered the war against Suñer's candidate for World Leadership, and when Portugal's Salazar cabled expressions of "fraternal esteem and moral solidarity" to Brazil's Vargas. Things were decidedly getting out of hand, must have thought the Caudillo as he listened to the fair-haired Ramon tell of his latest peregrinations in Rome and Berlin.

And what was this about United States forces establishing themselves on the Atlantic seaboard of Africa—maybe presently at Dakar or at Casablanca itself? Where would be Spain's extension down the African coast, to be vouchsafed by Hitler, if this sort of thing went on? Indeed, Ramon had sold him a pup!

It became Franco's primary effort to right himself with South America, for if he failed to do this any prospects his regime held out, would be nullified. But Suñer's antics had also alienated powerful elements in Spain itself. Never much more than a rhetorical and vacuous minority party—by poets out of intellectuals—the Falange bespoke a subservience to foreigners the like of which has ever been repulsive to the Spanish character. The real elements which gave Franco victory in the Civil War were the Army, the traditionalists, and the reactionaries, wealth and the Church, and all grew agitated at Suñer's banishing of so much of the Spain they would have back again. As for the Spanish multitude—poor multitude which found a calvary in seeking to realise the Four Freedoms—it held Suñer in hatred and loathing for his championing of alien Nazis and Fascists without whom the martyrdom in question never could have eventuated.

As the Americans say, Ramon was all washed up. Few Spaniards of any complexion outside Arrese's Falange extremists want Spain to be other than carefully neutral for the balance of hostilities, while the instinct of the great majority is to keep clear of the Axis whose "comradeship" only hides a deep design on Spain, Portugal and Latin America to which a fanatical Suñer was blind, although even he might have smelt a rat in that Iberian Institute in Berlin.

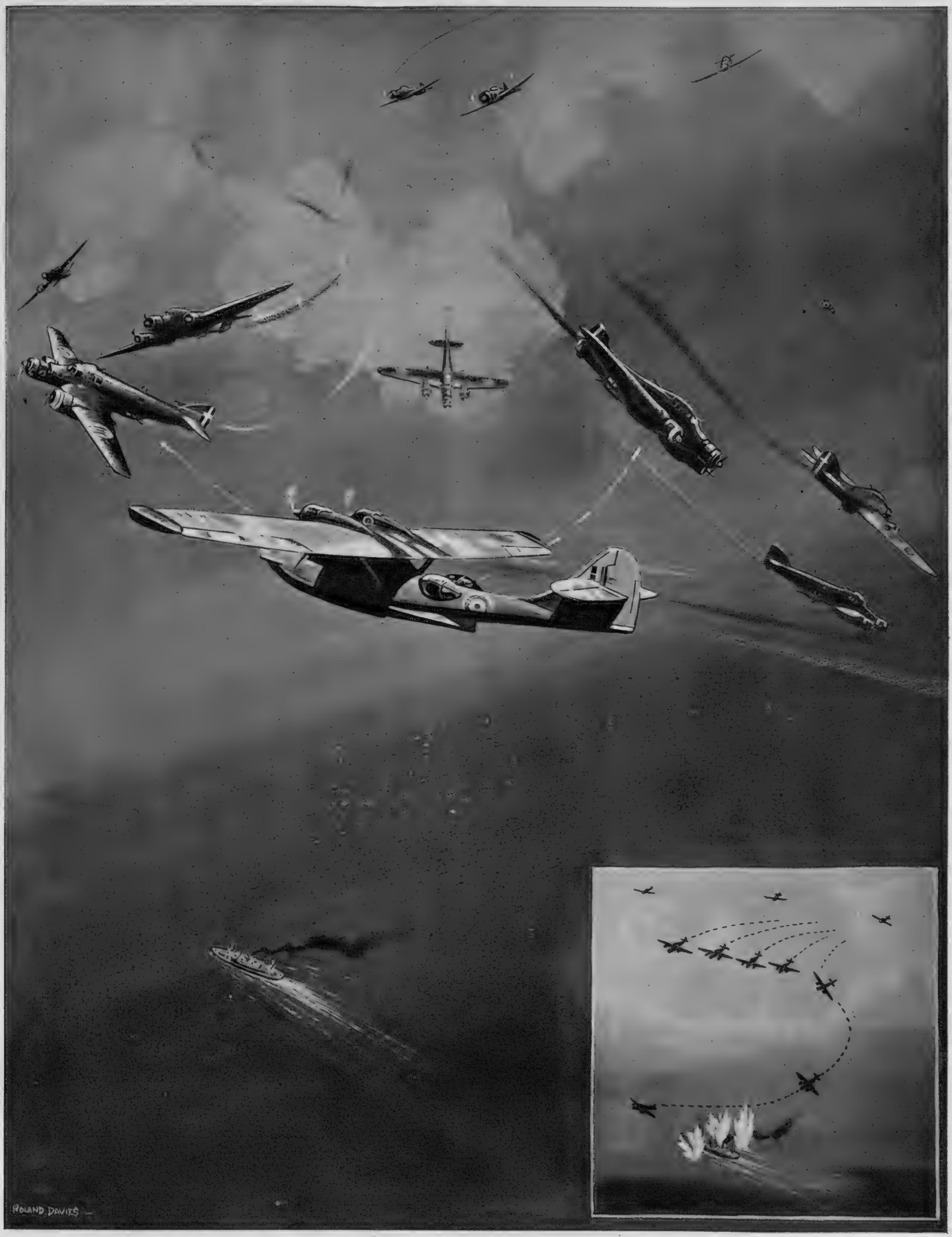
To-day Suñer must be ruminating that the one thing capable of bringing him back is a German victory in Egypt and the Mediterranean. But this *could* bring him back; so it is probably rash to anticipate further Franco mollifying in the near future of Army, monarchist and other elements which have recently made their presence felt. It cannot be too insisted that Spain's overriding care at this time does not concern political regimes, but the battle against hunger, want, disease, grief, the Peninsula being in an abject state from end to end, with nothing solved, with the wealthy, wealthier, and the poor, poorer, as Franco himself admits. When Franco contracts a big barter agreement with Argentina, or when President Roosevelt and the British Government arrange for further supplies to Spain, Spaniards are more interested than over kings and factions.

Meanwhile, Prince Juan appears to be sticking to his father's "I will not re-enter Spain unless by the majority will." Juan "fans" impress on one that with this young man the good (all domestic) in Fascism could be salved, the bad expelled, and that a new Spain might step forward in friendly stride alongside the Americas and the British Commonwealth. "But," you counter, "Franco has no use for the liberal democracies—said so again the other day." "Tut-tut!" come back the "fans." "Salazar says as much and doesn't he send warm sentiments to Vargas who is fighting Hitler? Supposing Franco now sees there 's a much better chance of realising something of the dream that Suñer spoilt, through the United Nations?" There would certainly be a vast difference between that and a Falangist Spain as the instrument of German world domination, which would result from Suñerism.

I have yet to meet anyone in this country who would stand in the way of Spain stepping forth in closest harmony with all South America, or of Spain extending her African development, necessary in order to raise her standard of life, under a plan of international colonial control long overdue.

But memories of the Civil War show me what tricky ground I tread, and I prefer to seek refuge with Mr. Roosevelt who, when asked if the elimination of Franco wasn't an Allied war aim, answered that Spain was a country of very old civilisation, and that political fluctuations could not modify his feelings in her regard. He was canvassing South America to see how Spain could be put on her feet, but she would need to be neutral. Under which he assuredly included: no tending of Axis submarines in Spanish ports

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



THE CATALINA FIGHTS BACK

The Flying-boat which Broke Up a Formation of Seven Big Bombers in the Mediterranean and Then Fought Off Four Fighters

—Drawing by Roland Davies

In June last, Flying Officer K. J. Riddy, R.A.F.V.R., of No. 240 Squadron, was the captain of a Catalina flying-boat engaged on an anti-submarine patrol in the Mediterranean: he had been detailed to act as escort to one of H.M. ships. Whilst thus engaged, seven triple-engined enemy aircraft, accompanied by four fighters, were observed approaching to attack. Flying Officer Riddy engaged the enemy and, despite the great odds, broke up the formation before the attack could develop. Later, his aircraft was attacked by the four fighters, but the pilot again manœuvred his big aircraft in such fashion that his gunners were enabled to beat off the attackers by well-controlled fire. Although the flying-boat was damaged and the wireless operator wounded, Flying Officer Riddy continued his escort duty until he was eventually compelled to abandon it owing to lack of fuel. For his part in this battle, the officer was awarded a well-deserved D.F.C. The triple-engined enemy aircraft which he encountered were probably Italian Savoia-Marchettis: had the Catalina not been present, it is likely that they would have attacked the British vessel as shown in the small diagram. The main drawing above shows how the Catalina fought off the enemy aircraft, with its guns firing from different angles.

ATTACK BY AIR

on Germany and the Occupied Countries

The Types of Bomber and Fighter Aircraft—British and American—Which Are Taking Part in the Never-ceasing Operations

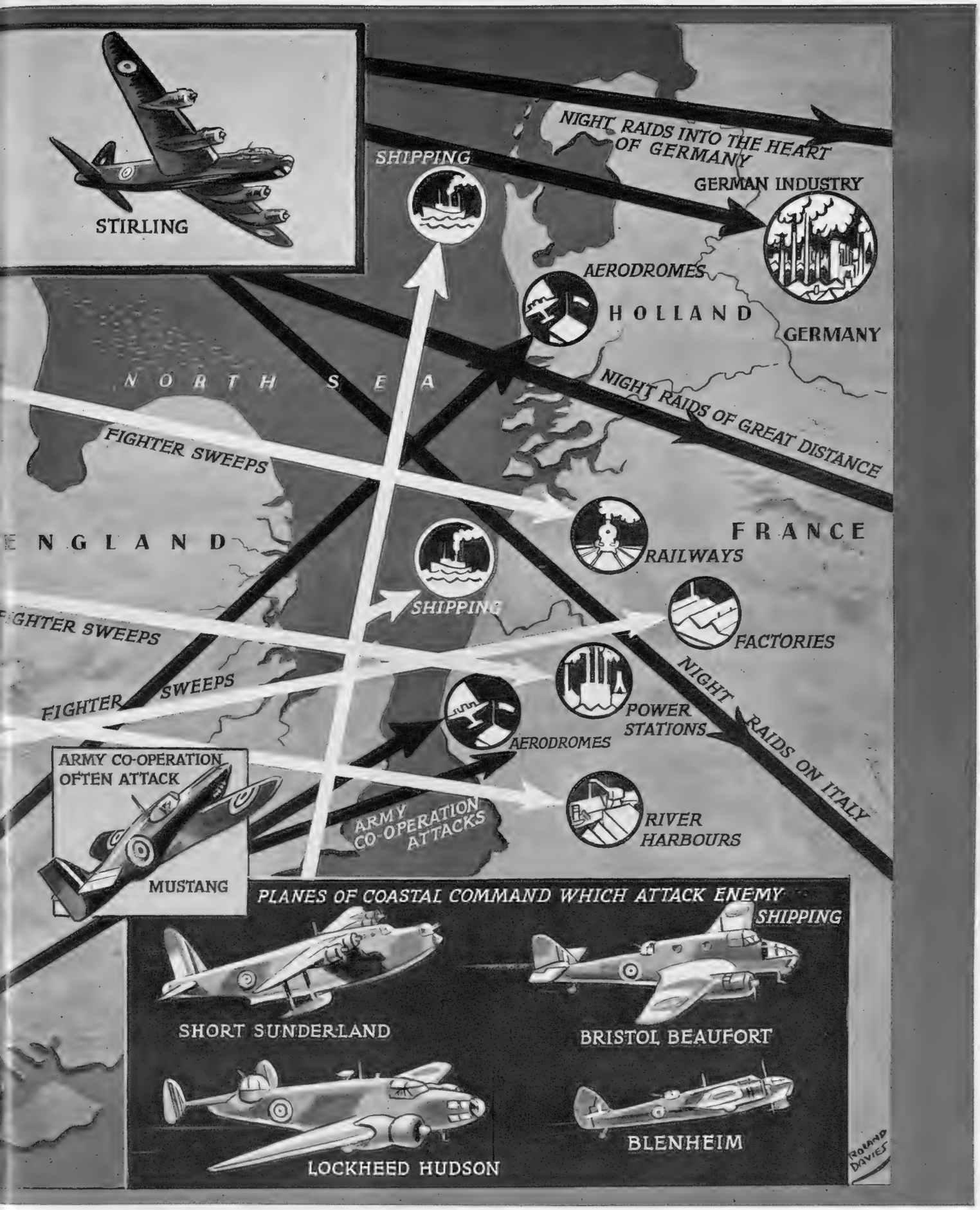
—Drawing by Roland Davies

The diagrammatic drawing above shows the main types of aircraft employed in our present great and growing air offensive. Firstly, the heavy bombers: the big American Flying Fortresses — beautifully streamlined, four-engined bombers—carry their large bomb-load chiefly in daylight: the new version now in service is so well armed that on a recent raid these air battleships destroyed twelve German fighters without loss to themselves.

The first of our own great four-engined bombers to go into service is the Short Stirling. Its wing span is 99 ft., and its length from nose to tail turret is 87 ft. It can carry up to eight tons on short trips: the crew is eight, and its armament consists of two gun turrets—in the nose and on top of the fuselage—and a four-gun turret in the tail. In spite of its size the Stirling is very manœuvrable. Second of our four-motor bombers is the Handley Page Halifax, which carries a maximum bomb-load of 5½ tons: in the latest Halifax II. there is a two-gun nose turret, a four-gun tail turret, and a Boulton and Paul Hudson-type turret amidships. The crew is seven.

No details are available of the Lancaster's bomb-load, but it should be very high: this aircraft is an enlarged version of the Manchester. It is powered by four Rolls-Royce Merlins, or by four Bristol Hercules motors. The Manchester itself is a large twin-motor bomber, with a wing span of 90 ft. The crew is seven, and the armament similar to the Stirling.

Now we come to the "old Faithfuls" of Bomber Command—not so big or so modern as the super-planes, but still a formidable part of our air offensive. First the Wellington, for three years the backbone of our striking force. Designed



in 1933, this fine aircraft carries a load of over two tons for 2,000 miles: the latest version, the Wellington II., has a maximum speed of 245 m.p.h. The normal crew is six.

Another old type still giving fine service is the Whitley, with a crew of six. The Hampden is another veteran, which first flew in 1936: it is the only bomber *not* provided with power-operated gun turrets.

And now for Fighter Command's sweeps over occupied territory. Their most versatile aircraft is the Hurricane: first, there is the Hurricane IIC., armed with four 20-mm. cannons. Other versions are the Hurricane I., with eight Browning machine-guns; the IIB. with twelve Brownings; and the Hurri-bomber, which has twelve machine-guns and carries two 250-lb. bombs under the wings. There is also a sea-Hurricane which is catapulted from the decks of merchantmen. The latest version has a maximum speed of 334 m.p.h. Next comes the most famous aircraft of all—the Spitfire, developed from the Schneider Cup entrant. It first flew in 1936: for some years it was an eight-gun fighter, but it now carries two cannon-guns and four machine-guns.

Used for long-range escort fighting, the Whirlwind is a two-motor, single-seat fighter, with four cannon in the nose which give a weight of fire of 600 lb. a minute. Underslung motors projecting forward of the nose and the tail-plane set very high give it an unmistakable appearance.

Night-fighters, too, are also attacking enemy-occupied territory, shooting up aerodromes, and making intruder raids to attack enemy bombers returning from Britain. Hurricanes, Beaufighters, Havocs, Blenheims and Defiants are the principal night-fighter machines. The twin-motored, long-range Beaufighter is one of the world's deadliest fighters—it is armed with four 20-mm. cannon- and six machine-guns. The Havoc is the night-fighter version of the Boston bomber, which is an American-built, twin-engined light bomber with tricycle undercarriage. The Boston is gradually replacing the grand old Bristol Blenheim.

Coastal Command planes are keeping up a steady war against enemy shipping off the Occupied coasts. Whilst Catalinas, Sunderlands and Hudsons cover the longer-range work, Beauforts and Blenheims attack ships in nearer waters.

And now, to round off the picture, Army Co-operation Mustangs are making raids.

The R.A.F. is daily expanding: and soon the new hush-hush fighter—the British Hawker Typhoon—will be speeding out towards the enemy at well over 400 m.p.h.

The "ART" of the SNIPER

He is Still an Important Factor in Modern Warfare

By DOUGAL GORDON

THE value of the sniper lies not so much in the number of men he is likely to be able to kill at a session, so to speak (though a gillie in the last war claimed a bag of ten Bavarians in an evening from a hide near the Bapaume Road), but in the restraint he imposes on the movements of the enemy. A well-sited sniper may be able to deny a stretch of trench, the corner of a road or the exit from a strong-point simply because of the moral fear of death from an invisible source.

With the present tendency to use every town and village as a stronghold during a retreat, the sharpshooter has definitely come into his own again, whether he is using an anti-tank rifle or the ordinary weapon. A tank advancing up a narrow village street may have its crew put out of action by fire through the visors, and there it will stay, blocking the road for its fellows.

Or a party of the enemy advancing up the same street may lose its officer and N.C.O.s to the bullets of a hidden sharpshooter. The rest of the party then have to make up their minds whether to go on and risk the same fate, or to withdraw and report. Human nature being what it is, and deprived of their leaders, there will be a strong inclination to withdraw. Time thus lost by the attack is gained by the defence, so that the sharpshooter is an invaluable aid.

A COMMANDO SNIPER BIDES HIS TIME. "If he is shooting from a building he will always fire from the back of a room—never, Hollywood-like, from the window-sill . . ."

A FATEFUL MOMENT: If the sniper hits the "eye" of a tank he will surely stop it—just like an expert shot will drop a charging elephant in its tracks

The only time I have known really long-range sniping to be effective was in the closing stages of the Norwegian campaign. Like the Swiss, the Scandinavian mountaineers are crack shots to a man. They could not hold their villages against the Nazi Panzers, but they could, and did, make those streets death-traps during every hour of the long Northern daylight. From high up on the mountain-sides, a few white-robed figures kept the villages under surveillance. Many a Nazi fell kicking in the snow before the distant rifle-crack told his companions that they had been under observation at all.

If accuracy is an essential towards obtaining the full moral effect of sniping, concealment is no less so. At such short ranges this obviously calls for great care. No bright buttons, no smoking, face painted or covered by a hood, coupled with careful selection of the "hide," achieve the desired result. A sniper's post suitable at dawn, with the sun behind it, will be untenable later in the day when the lighting is reversed. Contrary to popular belief, obvious places such as hedges, tree-trunks or ditches are rarely useful, but the shadow or broken ground made by them may serve much better. The foreground in front of a woodpile, the belt of shade in front of a wall, wood or low cliff, will also serve at the right time of day. The sniper may approach his hide hours before commencing work. He will never shoot over the top of any frontal cover, but always through or round it. His head will never be silhouetted against the skyline, or if he is shooting from a building he will always fire from the back of a room—never, Hollywood-like, from the window-sill. And his victims will be many and impressive—at least, for a time.

The sniper's weapon of the British Army is the new Mark IV. Using the same ·303 ammunition as the Lee-Enfield, it has a longer barrel, short 9-in. bayonet and is fitted with a telescopic sight. This last is a fairly low-power instrument, magnifying by two or three diameters only. Since an extreme sniping range would be 600 yards (and half this would be more normal), great magnification is not needed. Good light, collecting power and large field of view are more important, since dawn and dusk are good sniping times, when men become careless. The telescope has the usual cross wires, and the pressing of the trigger when the wires are fairly centred on the target should automatically entitle another notch to be cut on the tally.

Most armies have experimented with super-special sniping rifles and ammunition. The Germans, for example, tried a 196-grain Spitzer bullet, with a boat-shaped tail, which had a very flat trajectory. It was found in practice to confer little advantage over standard ammunition, for the reason previously stated—sniping is, more often than not—done at ranges quite moderately short when compared with big-game hunting. German snipers now use the standard Army rifle—Carbine 98K. It replaced all other models after the 1939 Polish campaign, and as used by Nazi snipers has a 3-diameter Zeiss telescope mounted alongside the breech. It is an interesting gun, technically, since the barrel-walls are unusually thin, thus keeping the weight down to about 8¼ lb. Unlike our nickel-case bullets, the 98K uses an iron-cored, copper-plated projectile.

Though most military rifles are sighted up to, say, 2,000 or 3,000 yards, it is unusual for sniping to be done at over 600 yards. The sniper must kill his man, and do so practically every time, to reap the full moral effect.

THE CAMOUFLAGED MARKSMAN IN THE DESERT: "He will never shoot over the top of any frontal cover, but always through or round it."—*Drawings by E. Byatt*

AT THE CENTRE OF THE AMERICAN ATTACK IN THE SOLOMONS: Fires burn on Tulagi (the long island in the foreground, which was the principal stronghold of the Japanese), after Carrier-based dive-bombers of the U.S. Navy had paid their first visit. Tulagi was subsequently the scene of bitter land fighting before the strongly-entrenched Japs were finally subdued by the U.S. Marines

AMERICA ATTACKS in the S.-W. PACIFIC

A Complete Series of Official Pictures from the Solomon Islands, where the Jap Forces of Occupation were Annihilated by the U.S. Marines and U.S. Navy Bombers

The United States Marines now hold six islands in the Solomon group north of Australia. They took them from the Japanese after three weeks of struggle, and thus eliminated a possible invasion base from where the enemy might have been planning a descent on the north-east coast of the great Australian continent. Tulagi Harbour is one of the best natural bases for naval operations in that part of the Pacific; at Guadalcanal Island near by, an aerodrome had already been constructed for the use of Japanese bombers and fighters; on other islands gun emplacements and anti-aircraft batteries had been installed.

The United States losses in this victorious action were described as "moderate," despite greatly inflated Japanese claims. Against the American destroyer lost, the Japs lost upwards of 100 aircraft in this and related operations, suffered hits on one battleship, two carriers, one cruiser and one destroyer. *(Continued on following page)*

THE UNITED STATES TAKES OVER SIX ISLANDS IN THE SOLOMONS: A spiral of black smoke rises from Tanambogo Island after Carrier-based American bombers had attacked the Japanese gun emplacements and anti-aircraft batteries installed there. Gavutu Island, another point taken over by the invading U.S. Marines, lies just beyond Tanambogo across the Causeway to the left of the picture

AMERICA ATTACKS in the S.-W. PACIFIC

(continued)

Under the command of Vice-Admiral Robert L. Ghormley, operations began on August 7. The element of surprise was complete: U.S. Marines, under cover of a terrific naval barrage, stormed ashore at Tulagi and Guadalcanal, and Jap resistance was also crushed on Gavutu, Tanambogo, Makambo and parts of Florida Island.

On some of the islands the Japs fled to the hills; but they were ruthlessly pursued by the well-equipped U.S. forces, their camps were destroyed, and it was not long before all effective resistance was at an end. Competent authorities in the United States, however, have warned against regarding the Solomon Islands expedition as at an end. The Japs, reinforced and vindictive, may be unwilling to accept the decision as final.

The entire operation was covered by Allied air and sea forces, which persistently bombed Japanese air bases in New Guinea and smashed air attacks on Marine concentrations and supply lines.

The pictures reproduced on these pages (with the exception of the air views) were made by an American news-photographer who accompanied the Marines.

REAR-ADMIRAL R. K. TURNER (left) and MAJOR-GENERAL A. A. VANDERGRIFT, Commander of the Marine landing forces, are seen as they planned the attack on Guadalcanal Island. The Admiral commanded the transport fleet which brought the Marines within striking distance

A ROOSEVELT ATTACKS THE JAPS: Lieut.-Colonel Evans P. Carlson (left) and Major James Roosevelt (son of the President of the U.S.)—respectively commander and second in command of a U.S. Marine Battalion—plan their successful expedition against Makin Island, in the Gilberts. They landed and wiped out Japanese troops and installations in operations which were subsidiary to those in the Solomon group

JUST BEFORE THE ASSAULT ON THE SOLOMONS: The sea off the islands is full of U.S. transports; the transports are full of U.S. Marines. The landing barges are just getting under way for the successful assault on the Jap-occupied islands

A PICTURE TAKEN BY A U.S. NAVY PILOT: In the upper centre, the plume of smoke is from burning Japanese supplies hit by bombs: the long, narrow Tulagi Island seems joined to the main island, Florida, which covers the entire top of the picture. Actually a channel separates them, hidden here by the Tulagi Hills. The small islands in the foreground (top to bottom) are Songonangona, Koketambu and Mbangai

Above—Two U.S. Marines display a Japanese flag captured on Guadalcanal Island. *Below*—A steam-roller, transported to the island by the Japanese, to help in the work of building the big landing-ground and air base

AT GUADALCANAL ISLAND the U.S. Marines were able to test the amphibian tanks with which they had been training for upwards of a year. "Jeep," or scout, cars were also brought ashore by lighters, together with other assault equipment: they were used for reconnaissance and to drag light mortars into action against the Japs. The strip of sandy beach at this spot—Lunga Point—soon gives place to dense brush and palm groves, within which the Japanese had built their camps. Note the small U.S. flags flown by the lighters

ONE OF THE AMPHIBIAN TANKS ROLLS THROUGH THE JUNGLE: Note its special tracks. Others of this type were used to bring engineering supplies from the transports to the shore

ON GUADALCANAL THE JAPS HAD ESTABLISHED AN AIR BASE, which was 85 per cent. completed when the Marines landed and took it over at the point of the bayonet. Note the great length of the principal runway

THIS WAS A WORK CAMP ESTABLISHED BY THE JAPANESE on Guadalcanal. The men lived in hutments in the palm groves, the officers in marquee-like tents. All were set on fire by the U.S. Marines

THIS IS A JAPANESE CAMP, wrecked by the Marines. Jap tents in the background are deserted. Food was still on the tables when the Marines appeared on the scene: the Japs lacked time even to destroy their military stores

THIS IS THE U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "ENTERPRISE," OF 19,900 TONS. With her sister-ships, "Yorktown" and "Hornet," she will probably be take except that the new vessels may be bigger and faster. "Enterprise" carries about eighty aircraft, consisting of fig

IN THE LOFTY HANGAR DECK OF THE U.S. CARRIER "ENTERPRISE," immediately below the flight deck, is stowage space for aircraft, engines, propellers and guns. It is here, too, that repairs to the aircraft are carried out

MODERN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER

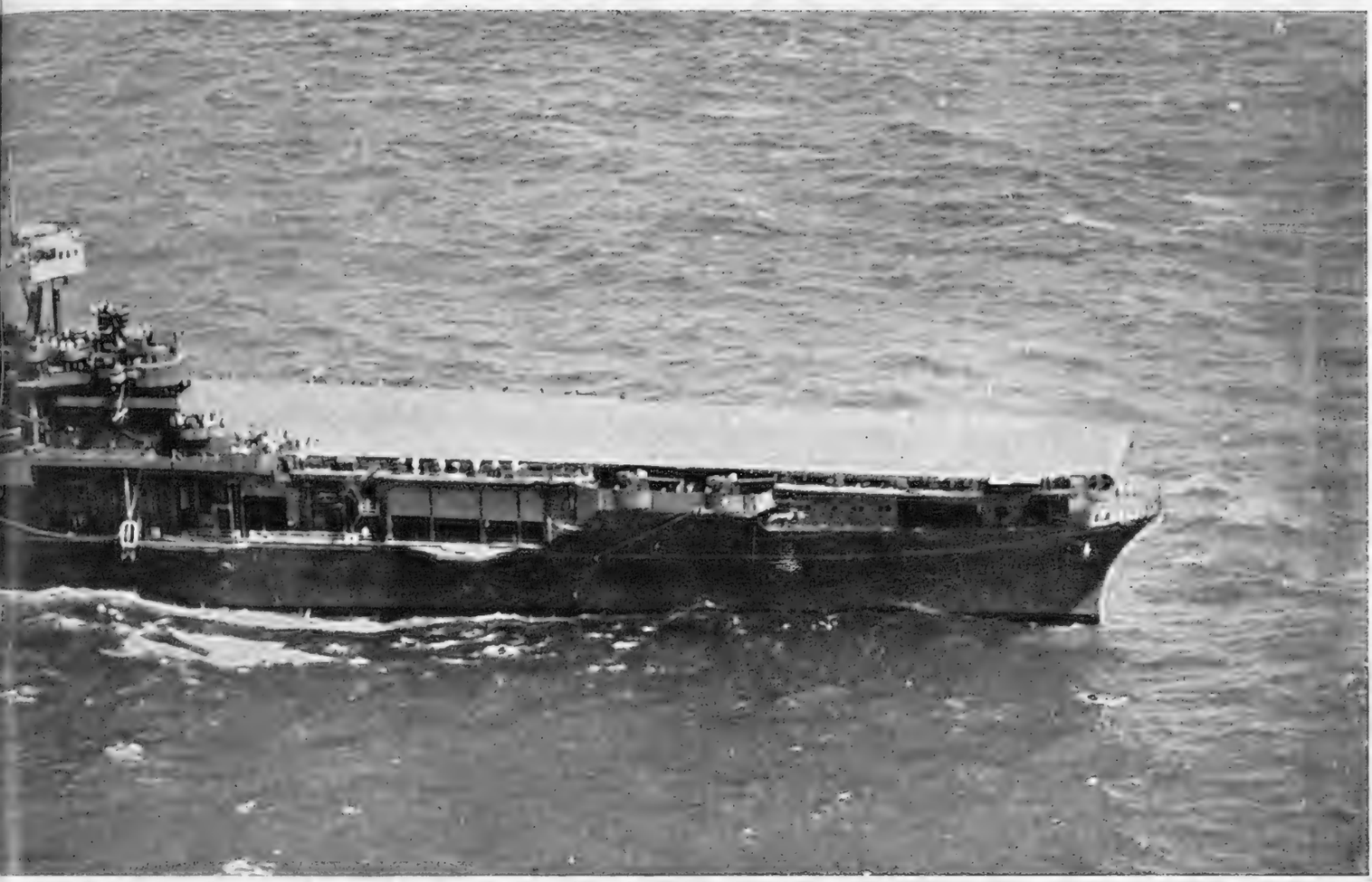
are the Result of Twenty Year of Intensive Experimentation

In the last war, there were three aircraf carriers actively engaged in nava operations. After the Armistice, Britai Japan and—especially—the United State began to experiment further with them The first U.S. Carrier was an 11,000-to collier named the *Jupiter*, which in 192 was given a flat upper deck for landin aircraft and rechristened the *Langley* (Later, in 1937, this same vessel w further modified and reclassed as a se plane tender. She was sunk in the India Ocean in February 1942.)

After the *Langley* came the hug *Saratoga* and *Lexington*, both battl cruisers converted under the Washingto Naval Treaty into Carriers. In 1934 th 14,500-ton *Ranger* was commissioned the first built-for-the-purpose Carrier i U.S. history. Some defects which showe up in her design were corrected for th *Yorktown* and *Enterprise*, commissione in 1937 and 1938. These two ships wer also bigger and faster than the *Range* With modifications, their design is expecte to be the basic design for the forty or fift new Carriers which the United States wi build in the next three years.

The modern Carrier is cheaper an quicker to build than the battleship. Bi lightly armoured and with its long fligh deck raised at least 50 ft. off the water t permit aircraft to take off in rough weathe it is necessarily very vulnerable. For pr tection it relies on elaborate compartment tion and a speed of more than 30 knot Below its flight deck it is a maze of hang decks, machine shops, gas and oil tank stowage spaces for extra aircraft, engine propellers and guns. With its high pe centage of mechanics, wireless operato and gunners, its crew is unlike the cre of any other type of naval vessel. Mo than 50 per cent. of its officers are flyin personnel.

The Carrier is an indispensable nava weapon. And the Navy needs all it ca get of this type. But because of the in feriority of Carrier-based aircraft to lan based, and the increase in the strikin range of land-based types, it seems prob able that the Carrier too, within a fe years, will undergo radical evolution.



a model for the newer Carriers which are to follow from American shipyards, dive-bombers and torpedo-bombers

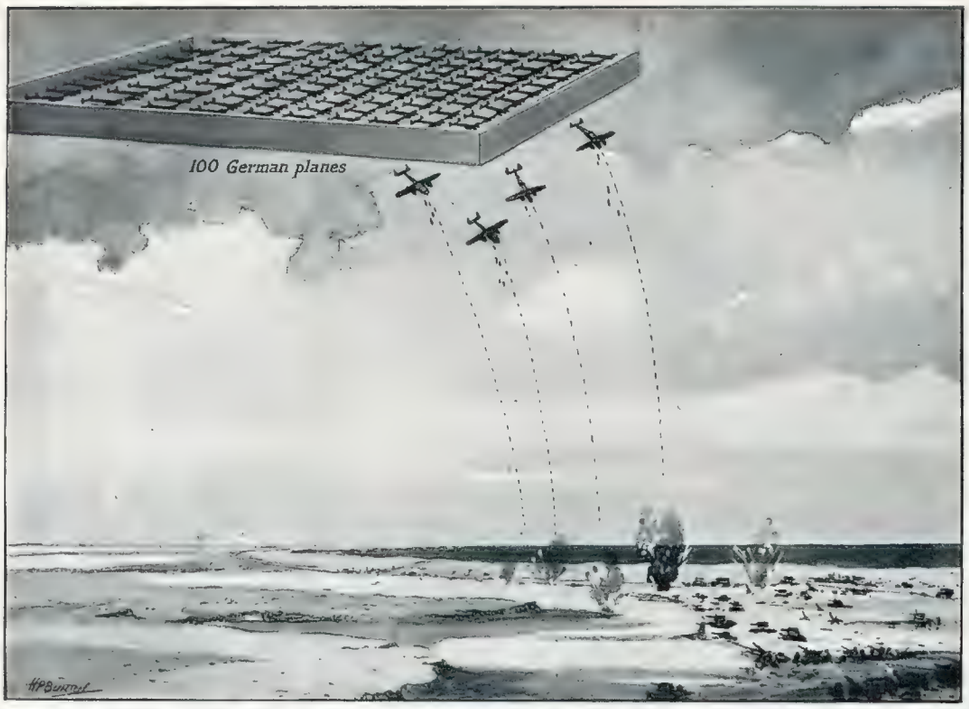
THE ONLY ONE OF HER KIND IN THE UNITED STATES: The steamship *Seeanbee* was once a sidewheeler plying across the Great Lakes of the United States. Some time ago it was decided to convert her into an aircraft-carrier, and to rename her *Wolverine*. (There has been a destroyer of the Royal Navy of the same name since 1920—one of the Modified W class.) The U.S. vessel is the only one of her kind on the Great Lakes: this picture was taken recently as she passed Detroit on her maiden voyage from the outfitting basin. Naval air cadets will now use the ship to practise the technique of Carrier take-offs and landings

THE LARGEST BATTLESHIP EVER BUILT—The U.S.S. "Iowa" takes the water at the New York Navy Yard in Brooklyn on August 27: The fourth vessel to bear this name in the U.S. Navy, the *Iowa* was launched by Mrs. Ilo Browne Wallace, wife of the U.S. Vice-President. She is a vessel of 45,000 tons displacement (52,000 tons full load), a length of 880 ft. overall; and a beam of 108 ft. *Iowa* was laid down in June 1940, as one of a class of six ships: she is to be armed with nine 16-in. guns and twenty 5-in. guns; and she is intended to carry four aircraft and a total complement of 1,600. Her armour is not yet known, but it will be more extensive than in the Washington class. The official speed of the giant vessel is given as over 30 knots, and 35 knots have been reported unofficially. It was intended that the first two vessels of the Iowa class were to be launched early in 1942 for completion in 1943; but the *Iowa* was actually launched on August 27. The cost of each has been reported to be 85,000,000 dollars, but this figure may not include armament

ROMMEL'S ATTACK at MOUNT HEMEIMAT

Special Sphere *drawings and diagrams of the terrain and of the air tactics of the Germans*

On left—On the opening day of the battle around Hemeimat a heavy, gusty wind was blowing: when this died down, the Germans launched one of the most powerful air attacks yet undertaken during the whole course of the campaign against one of the 8th Army's defended positions. As many as 100 planes were in the air simultaneously, recalling the monster attacks at Bir Hacheim and Tobruk in June. But, on this occasion, the R.A.F. were prepared: and, in the result, the colossal onslaught by air, pictured in the drawing *on the left*, was broken up in the manner shown in the second drawing *on the left, below*



I. HOW ROMMEL ATTEMPTED TO BREAK DOWN THE RESISTANCE OF THE 8TH ARMY AT EL ALAMEIN during his big push into the British line. As many as 100 planes at a time tried to bomb the land forces in the usual concentrated German fashion: but what then happened is shown in the diagram below

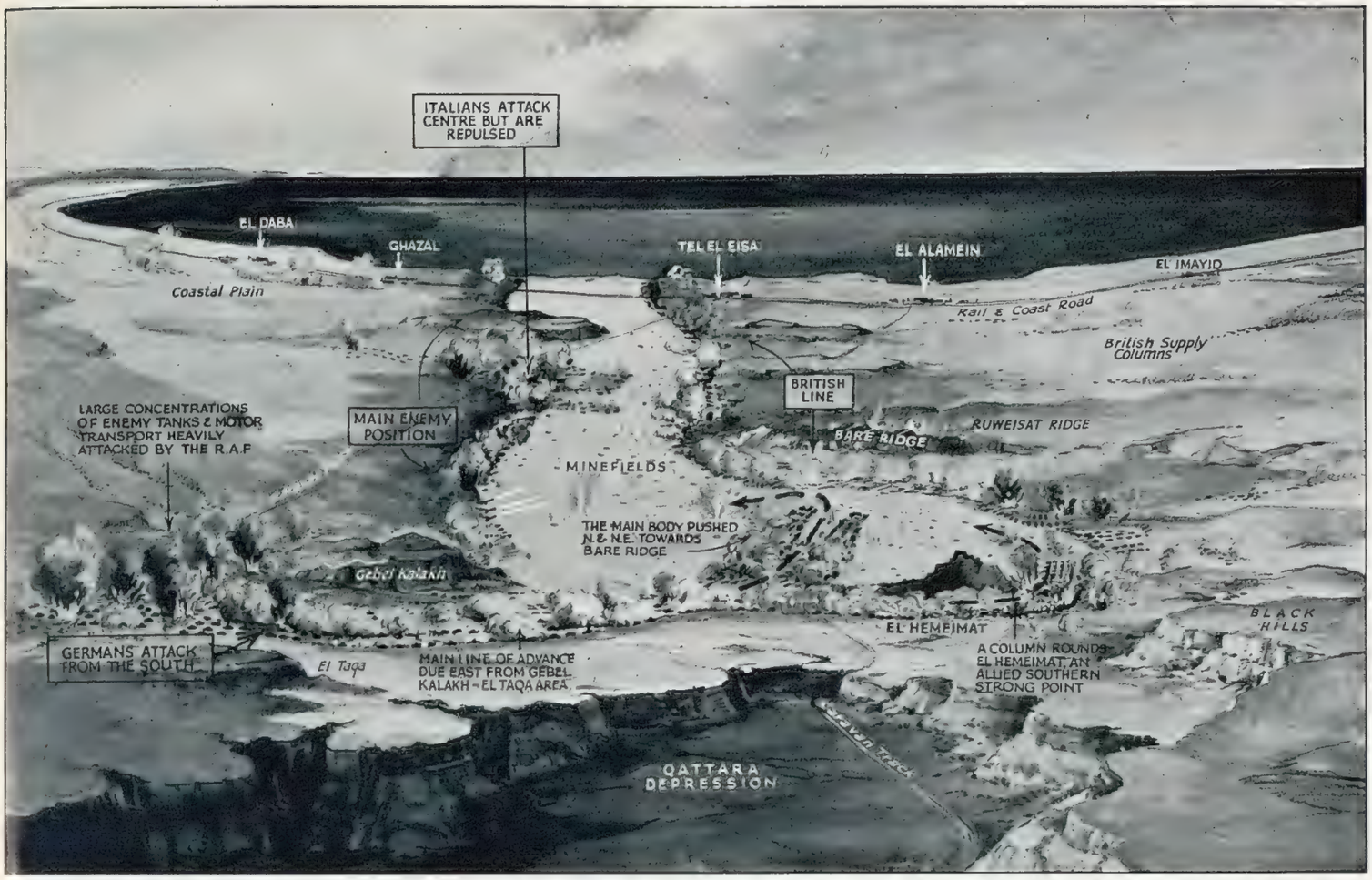
II. THE 100 PLANES WERE MET BY A DETERMINED COUNTER-ATTACK by fighters of the R.A.F. The result was that the German bombers were forced to jettison their loads anywhere, and make off after suffering considerable losses

The air onslaught indicated in the top drawing was principally directed against the vehicles of the 8th Army: but these were well dispersed, and not very much damage was wrought. Then our own aircraft went into action. When the R.A.F. got in amongst the bombers—it was a beautifully-timed attack—the enemy were forced to jettison their bomb-loads all over the place rather than with precision at fixed targets. It is estimated that our fighters destroyed, at a minimum reckoning, ten enemy planes, five probables, and damaged sixteen more. Throughout the operations around Hemeimat and in the centre of the 8th Army's line, the R.A.F. were undoubtedly on top: in the opinion of many, this had a decided effect on Rommel's subsequent actions

FIGHTER-SUPPORT AEROPLANES, operated by New Zealanders, circling round a column in the Egyptian Desert, ready to repel any attacks by the enemy's air force

COLONEL STRICKLAND (*on left*), of the United States Army Air Force, talking with Wing Commander de la Poer Beresford, one of the R.A.F.'s most successful fighter pilots in the Egyptian Desert

Below—**HOW DUST STORMS HAMPERED OUR FIRST DAY'S RESISTANCE TO ROMMEL'S ATTACK:** At this period of the year, there are fairly regular seasonal winds blowing strongly off the sea. They are liable to cause considerable dust storms and render visibility poor and air activity almost impossible. It seems probable that Rommel was waiting on the arrival of this wind, which can generally be relied on, and which did, in fact, blow with almost unprecedented force on the opening day of the battle. The Allies, therefore, were prevented from making the fullest use of their air superiority: but when the dust storms caused by the strong winds had dispersed, once again our fighters and bombers wrought havoc amongst the enemy's aircraft attempting to bomb and dive-bomb British positions and concentrations



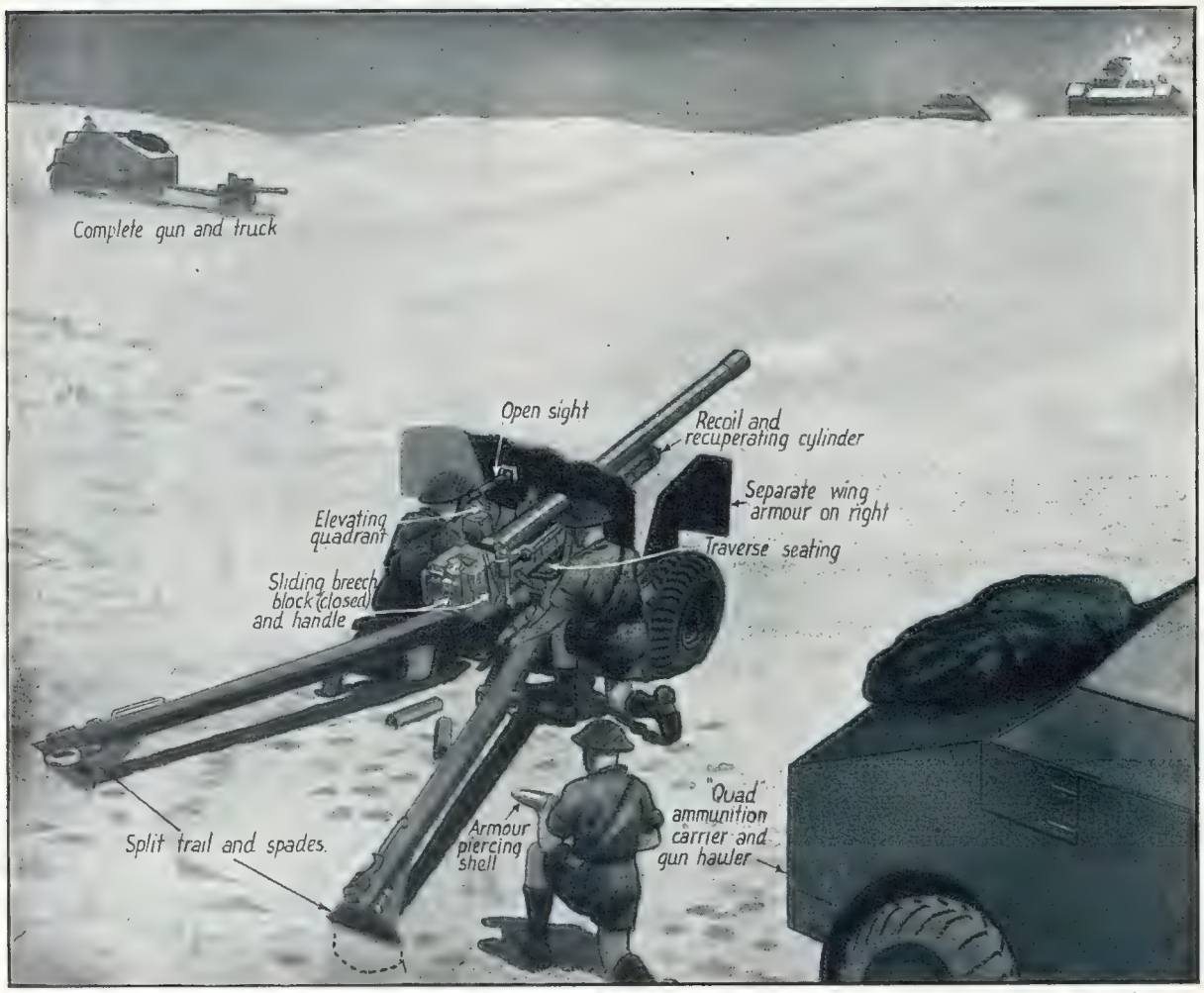
WHERE ROMMEL ATTEMPTED TO TURN THE FLANK OF THE 8TH ARMY by forcing a way through around Mount Hemeimat whilst Italian forces in the centre launched an abortive attack in support. The dual attack, and its subsequent repulse, are here indicated—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

From the sea, to a point north of Mount Hemeimat, the 8th Army held a strong line facing westwards: but from "Bare Ridge" southwards to the Qattara Depression, the line was only lightly held, although big areas had been mined. When Rommel, under cover of a dust storm, attacked along the southern portion, his forces bored a way through the minefields and headed to the east. It is now known that they made a penetration of some 25 miles, which brought them, in fact, to within 15 miles of the vital Coast Road. But that was the high-water mark; for at that point the 8th Army made its counter-attack and Rommel was forced to retire to the point from which he started. The drawing above shows the whole operation: the enemy began to move forward shortly before midnight on Sunday, August 30. The main line of advance followed a course due east, where the going is generally good. One column rounded our southern strong-point at El Hemeimat; the main body pushed on to the north-east, feeling for our main tank forces. Simultaneously, another column thrust out and went almost due north in the direction of "Bare Ridge." The Italians attacked in the centre of our line whilst these operations were proceeding to the south; but their attack was soon repulsed

THE ENEMY ADVANCE UPON THE HEMEIMAT POSITION AT MIDNIGHT ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 30, and are sighted in the moonlight by a British armoured-car patrol under the towering mass of the 200-ft.-high "mountain"—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Before the Germans launched their strong attack around Mount Hemeimat, the British had carried out a number of raids during the hours before moonrise and had brought in prisoners from several sectors. From these it was learned that the attack might be expected at any moment and that the enemy forces were on a three-hour notice to move. There was a quarter-moon at zero hour; by its light our armoured-car patrols around the "mountain" were able to witness the approach of the enemy columns. Mount Hemeimat, where the attack materialised, is one of the strange features of this strange desert: it rises 200 ft. in spectacular fashion near the cliffs of the Qattara Depression, which bars the way to mechanised forces farther to the south

THE GUNS WHICH HAVE BEEN POUNDING ROMMEL



BRITAIN'S 6-POUNDER: A detailed drawing of the new anti-tank gun which Rommel's tanks now have to face in the Egyptian Desert, showing how it is operated and how it travels into action—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

HOW "TANK-BUSTERS" ARE TRAINED: On the open range, a Bren gun, firing tracer bullets, is sighted and calibrated to the 6-pounder. This is an ingenious device which gives the trainee actual firing practice without the waste of 6-pounder ammunition

Above is given a detailed drawing of Britain's much-discussed 6-pounder anti-tank gun, which has already proved to be a very useful weapon. Its weight is 22 cwt., and it is mounted on heavy rubber tyres: it can be attached to any vehicle capable of drawing a load of over one ton, but usually it is hauled to the scene of action by its own special "Quad" ammunition-carrier and gun-hauler. The gun is very mobile and it possesses a high rate of fire: its armour-piercing shells can knock out a tank at 1,500 yards, and it has actually claimed victims at over 2,000 yards. A shield in front protects the gun-aimer, who sights through a slit; and separate wings to right and left protect other members of the gun crew. As soon as the gun comes up to the scene of action, the split trail is opened out and the "spades" on each trail dig into the ground to take the recoil. Over suitable terrain the gun-hauler, with gun attached, can travel at 35 miles an hour. In the factories, the new 6-pounder is now being produced in great numbers and in a steady stream, and women workers are playing a large part in its production.

ANOTHER FINE PIECE OF ORDNANCE: The British 60-pounder, which has played a large part in the fighting at El Alamein. This gun possesses a number of features which are of great value in desert warfare—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

The 60-pounder is a gun of 4·5-in. calibre: it was used to great effect in the fighting around Knightsbridge earlier this year, and again in the fighting to the south of El Alamein, where the 2nd Armoured Brigade employed it to great advantage. A new feature of this highly successful weapon is its "anti-bounce" gear, specially designed to prevent the gun from digging itself in when fired on soft ground. The 60-pounder is a long-barrelled type, with a length of 50 calibres, and a bore of approximately 4·5 ins. It has an angle of elevation of 60 degrees, and has to be de-elevated for reloading. The manner in which the anti-bounce spring and piston work is shown in the drawing reproduced above. When the gun is fired there is a sharp detonation and a very vivid flash

THE HUNTERS OF THE SEA: THE HUNT CLASS DESTROYERS GO A-HUNTING, IN SEARCH OF U-BOATS. These are the new class of general-purpose destroyer: all were laid down in 1939 and completed in 1940. They are the smallest vessels of their type in the Royal Navy—only 900 tons—but they have proved very successful in hunting down enemy submarines—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

THE ART OF BOMB-DODGING as practised by the highly manœuvrable destroyers of the Royal Navy—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

It may be asked why the destroyer, in the front line of aerial attack at sea, is not more frequently a casualty in view of the heavy weight of metal dropped in its wake by enemy aircraft. The answer is manœuvrability—and seamanship. The first is inherent in the warship's design; the latter is an attribute of the good destroyer captain. As the bombs come whistling down, it is the captain's job to anticipate where they will fall, and to make sure that his ship is not there! In the above drawing, A marks the spot where the destroyer captain anticipates that the bombs will leave the aircraft: these would normally take a forward path as shown by the dotted lines. At the exact moment, however, aided by the quick response of the helm, the destroyer is swung out of the bombs' path. With its bomb-load released, the enemy aircraft can then only make use of its guns, but for this he must come low and face heavy fire from the warship

Apart from a few very old destroyers—such as the *Vega*, and the Admiralty S and R classes—the Hunts are the smallest destroyer type in the Royal Navy. Since the end of the last War, these vessels showed a general increase in tonnage; but in 1939, when the Hunts were laid down under the Programme for that year, a return was made to the idea of a small, "general-purpose" destroyer. At least thirty of the type were budgeted for, and they were due for completion in 1940. Dimensions are—904 tons; length, 272 ft.; beam, 28 ft.; 19,000 horse-power; speed, 27½ knots; armament, four 4-in. anti-aircraft guns and eight smaller. All the Hunts are named after famous packs of hounds; and destroyers of this class have had considerable success in submarine hunting, on escort duties, and elsewhere. H.M.S. *Berkeley*, lost in the Dieppe Raid, was a member of this active band

The ROYAL NAVY'S DESTROYERS in ACTION

Below—Recently, the 8-in.-gun-cruiser *Canberra* was sunk in the Pacific: In his speech in the House of Commons, Mr. Winston Churchill said: "In the fighting at sea, H.M. Australian ship *Canberra* had been sunk. This has already been announced. H.M. Government consider that the Commonwealth Government should not have to bear this grievous loss, following the sinking of other Australian ships. We have, therefore, decided to offer freely and unconditionally the transfer of H.M. 8-in-gun-cruiser *Shropshire* to the Commonwealth Government, and it has been most warmly received." "Shropshire" is one of the London class: she was begun in February 1926, and completed in September 1929. The cruiser has a displacement of 9,830 tons, and carries a complement of 650; it is hoped that many of the "Canberra's" survivors will be transferred to the new "Canberra." Eight 8-in. guns are mounted, together with eight 4-in. anti-aircraft, and other, weapons. On her trials, the "Shropshire" attained a speed of over 32 knots. She has an overall length of 633 ft., and a beam of 66 ft.

THE NEW H.M.A.S. "CANBERRA"—the cruiser "Shropshire" which has been presented to the Commonwealth by H.M. Government to replace the Australian vessel lost in recent fighting in the Pacific

AN EPIC OF THE MEDITERRANEAN: THE "OHIO" CARRIES ON—ALONE—TO MALTA. The tanker was torpedoed two or three times: a Stuka shot down by her on fire. Her engines were damaged, and after that she could sail at only two knots. All the time the enemy, with orders to get her at any cost, she was hit the last time, with her engines so damaged that she could not move, the convoy had to leave her

The story of the Malta Convoy is now generally known: and Mr. Churchill has paid tribute to its great significance. Supplies have been carried to the island "sufficient to ensure the life and resistance of that heroic island fortress for a good many months to come," he said in the House of Commons on September 8. The Convoy had to force its way through extraordinary dangers, which beset its passage from Sardinia onwards. "Three or four hundred bombers, torpedo planes and long-range fighters were launched against our armada—an enormous concourse of ships—and in the Narrows, which were mined, it was attacked by E-boats and U-boats."

Included in the convoy was the *Ohio*, a tanker owned by the Eagle Oil and Shipping Company, and commanded by Captain Dudley William Mason. During the passage the *Ohio* suffered a most violent onslaught. She was a focus of attack throughout, and was torpedoed early one night. Although gravely damaged, her engines were kept going, and the master made a magnificent passage by hand-steering and without a compass.

The ship's gunners helped to bring down one of the attacking aircraft. The vessel was hit again before morning, but though she did not sink, her engine-room was wrecked. She was then towed.

The unwieldy condition of the vessel and persistent enemy attacks made progress slow, and it was uncertain whether she would remain afloat. All next day progress somehow continued, and the ship reached Malta after a further night at sea.

The violence of the enemy did not deter the captain from his purpose. "Throughout he showed skill and courage of the highest order," states the citation accompanying the award of the George Cross. "It was due to his determination that, in spite of the most persistent enemy opposition, the vessel, with her valuable cargo, eventually reached Malta and was safely berthed."

THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN AFTER THE TANKER HAD BEEN HIT AND WAS STOPPED IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. British destroyers are standing by the damaged "Ohio": later they had to leave the tanker to her fate. Despite further torpedo attacks and heavy and continuous bombardment from the air, Captain Mason eventually brought her into Malta—a feat for which he has just been awarded the George Cross

THE TANKER "OHIO" GETS THROUGH

A Story of Heroism During the Passage of the Malta Convoy

Captain Mason is forty-one years of age, and he is the youngest Master of the Eagle Oil and Shipping Company. During the passage of the convoy to Malta he was in command of the tanker *Ohio*: for his heroism on that occasion, when he won through to port after incredible dangers, he has been awarded the George Cross. Captain Mason is now back in England, where he was confined to bed suffering from—of all things!—the effects of sand-fly bites on his hands. Rear-Admiral Burrough, who commanded the convoy escort, signalled to Captain Mason (after it had been necessary to abandon the tanker to her own devices): "Try to get to Malta: they need you. I am proud to have known you." The *London Gazette* stated that the *Ohio* suffered "most violent onslaught," and was "a focus of attack throughout." It went on to say that "the violence of the enemy could not deter the master from his purpose"

Captain Mason, of the tanker "Ohio," shakes hands with Rear-Admiral Burrough, who commanded the convoy escort

h[illegible] guns crashed on to her deck in flames; bombs set concentrated the full weight of their attack on her. When behind—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

A TORPEDO HITS THE TANKER DURING THE CONVOY BATTLE after she had been singled out for special attention by the enemy. The "Ohio" was hit thus two or three times, but she nevertheless completed her journey and discharged her precious cargo at Malta!

SALVAGING OPERATIONS OFF MALTA: Soldiers of the Malta garrison salvaging goods from a sunken merchantman off the harbour. Oil is here being pumped into drums, for subsequent use on the island

A DIVER AT WORK OFF THE ISLAND, bringing up cases of goods from a sunken ship which might prove of value to the gallant defenders of Malta. Maltese boatmen are assisting in the work of salvage

THE YOUNG MEN WHO WANT TO FLY

How the Squadrons of the Air Training Corps Have Grown, from Small Beginnings in 1937 to the Vast Organisation of To-day, by Means of Which Young Men are Prepared for Entry into the R.A.F. in a Constant Stream

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE A.T.C. is unquestionably the biggest Youth Movement (though it dislikes the phrase) since the formation of the Boy Scouts by Baden-Powell. And from every point of view it is more important in its immediate and long-term implications. Any day, now, the first members of the A.T.C. will be fully operational in the Royal Air Force. It is possible, indeed, that some are operational already, though the nearest approach to this that I have been able to discover is the case of Sergeant Dickens, who is a sergeant pilot in Ferry Command and has crossed the Atlantic on a number of occasions. There is also Sergeant Shirley, who received his wings three months ago. Soon the new entry will be making itself felt throughout the Royal Air Force—both ground staff and air crew.

There are now 250,000 "young men" (they do not like being called boys or youths) in the A.T.C. They belong to 1,680 different squadrons, each squadron having a regulation number of four flights, and a personnel up to 200, including eight officers and cadet flight sergeants. Their average age is now between sixteen and eighteen, though originally they were accepted at the age of fourteen, and in certain public-school squadrons they are still being taken at the age of fifteen and-a half.

The A.T.C. is a change-over from the Air Defence Cadet Corps started in 1937, with Air Commodore Chamier, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Squadron Leader Woollett, D.S.O., M.C., as the leading spirits. In those days things were very sticky, particularly in the elementary schools. There was the case of the Borough of Wood Green, which had refused to allow a party of elementary school-boys to go to the local Royal Air Force Station Empire Air Day because the local authorities thought it was encouraging militarism and blood-and-thunder. The London County Council regretted that it was unable to give facilities for the formation of squadrons right up to 1939. Air Commodore Chamier offered to go and lecture to hundreds of elementary schools, but this was refused because any lectures on flying were considered to be associated with war, and therefore undesirable. Pale-pink pacifist school-teachers did their best to counteract any patriotic interest of elementary schoolboys in aviation. Those were the days when the National Anthem was discouraged in schools, and the Union Jack was at a discount. Oddly enough, many of these school-teachers are now flight lieutenants in A.T.C. squadrons—a fact which is remembered by the older cadets and equally deplored, because it means that they have no real contact with or knowledge of the Royal Air Force. But I am getting ahead too fast.

The first squadron formed by the Air Defence Cadet Corps was at Watford, though Leicester ranks as Number One because a promise was made to form it before Watford jumped in first with the complete article. On the outbreak of war, there were 200 A.T.C. squadrons, and 300 cadets had experience of gliding. Lord Nuffield put up £10,000, and in September and October of 1939 the "young men" were filling sandbags, belting ammunition and generally making themselves useful at Royal Air Force stations. In January 1940 a public statement was made on the radio about the change-over from the Air Defence Cadet Corps to the A.T.C. (I rather think the broadcast was made by the Secretary of State for Air). The Air Ministry expected a maximum of 80,000 recruits in the first year. As it was, 200,000 were enrolled.

From the start, it was realised that it was vital to introduce the aviation atmosphere into every activity of the A.T.C. Fortunately, it is such a fascinating subject and has so wide a scope that this was easy. Every A.T.C. squadron has a liaison with, and is adopted by, an R.A.F. Station, and every cadet has the opportunity of attending a week's camp at a Royal Air Force Station, in addition to paying fortnightly visits for the day or afternoon.

Here is a typical week for members of an A.T.C. squadron—at Hornsey:

Monday—7.30 p.m. to 9 p.m.: Rifle club; practice with the .22.

Tuesday—7.30 p.m. to 9 p.m.: Maths. and Navigation.

Wednesday—7.30 p.m. to 9 p.m.: Spotters' club (aircraft recognition).

Thursday—7.30 p.m. to 9 p.m.: Morse.

Friday—7.30 p.m. to 9 p.m.: Social evening.

Saturday afternoon: Swimming, football or cricket.

Sunday—9.45 a.m. to 1 p.m.: Squadron drill, P.T., signals and meteorology. (If not, a visit to an R.A.F. Station from 9 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., when the ground staff go to the maintenance crew and the air crew to the control tower, etc.)

INSTRUCTION FOR THE A.T.C.—Briefing the crew of a "Carter Trainer": Boys of the 16F Squadron of the Wood Green A.T.C. have a wonderful opportunity to learn their future job by means of a "Carter Trainer," which has been fitted up at their headquarters. This Trainer, built by a Flying Officer who commands the Squadron and by the boys themselves, was designed by Mr. Danny Carter, in peacetime well known as a motor-cyclist, in conjunction with Mr. George Dowty, an hydraulic expert. All the instruments incorporated in the Trainer are made to work as accurately as those of an actual aircraft: in this way the boys receive valuable experience before leaving their Corps for the R.A.F.

The general standard of training is shown by the fact that many cadets after three weeks can send four words a minute in Morse. Many of the senior cadets can send fourteen, and a few can send as many as twenty-two words a minute.

The standard of aircraft recognition is equally high, and the editor of the *A.T.C. Gazette* tells me that the slightest printer's error will cost his publication at least £10 in postage stamps, replying to youthful correspondents who point out the error of his ways.

It is estimated that there are 700,000 youths between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. Of these, the A.T.C. has acquired 250,000, the Royal Navy 100,000 and the Army 150,000. All the leading public schools, such as Eton, Charterhouse, Winchester, Harrow and Malvern, have flights or squadrons. Even the Christian Brothers of St. Joseph's College, who trace their Roman Catholic associations back to the days of the Venerable Bede, have a squadron.

Boys in the A.T.C. have been catapulted in Swordfish; taken up in most types of aircraft; one or two have had to bale out; 75 per cent. of them want to make flying their career, and, though many of them have a natural desire to become fighter pilots, the majority want to go to multiple-engined aircraft to give them a chance of earning a livelihood as commercial pilots when the war is over.

The primary object, really, of the A.T.C. is to increase the knowledge of their members to such an extent that the syllabus teaching and training at the I.T.W. (Initial Training Wings) can be advanced. But it is not so much a desire to save time in training in the R.A.F. as to supply extra knowledge at an early stage, thus preventing a parrot-like acquisition of information at the I.T.W.—and I am assured that members of the A.T.C. can be readily recognised at all receiving centres. Realising the importance of the movement, the Air Ministry gives a capitation grant, though the rest of the money is found by the local committees and leading firms.

I have asked some of the members of the A.T.C. what improvements they think could be made. They replied that they needed more officers who know about the R.A.F. from personal experience, which agrees with my previous remarks about ex-pacifist school-teachers being flight lieutenants; they would like R.A.F. officers on the administration side to have an operational rest by coming to them for a set period; they would like more visits from operational pilots; they would like an overcoat, more badges for proficiency and a white flash, if accepted in advance for air crew.

The medical test for sight and hearing and lungs and heart is comparatively severe. Thus, young men in a lower health category join the ground staff and not the air crew of the squadron they enter. No doubt it is difficult to maintain interest in maths., navigation, Morse and aircraft identification for over two years, but many squadrons maintain their members' keenness with ground hoppers, mock-ups, wind tunnels and link trainers. But squadrons, like battalions, vary a good deal. Nothing can be so deadening to a cadet's interest as the atmosphere of night school which has crept into the class-room work of some of the A.T.C. squadrons.

Now let me sound a note of warning. The Air Ministry very properly believes in stimulating interest in the R.A.F. among the A.T.C., and, as I have already said, permits are given to parties of boys to go over Royal Air Force Stations. Here, automatically, pilots and maintenance crews, delighted with the enthusiasm of their young visitors, answer questions right and left. The boys then go back home and discuss among themselves the latest devices they have seen. Unfortunately, they do not always confine their descriptions to themselves. It was a cadet sergeant in the A.T.C. himself who told me that he had taken a party of younger members of the A.T.C. to an aerodrome where one of our latest aircraft arrived unexpectedly. Going back in the Underground, he heard these boys talking excitedly about the aircraft, its performance and its arrival at the aerodrome, which they mentioned by name. This lack of security is perfectly understandable, but I suggest that Mr. W. W. Wakefield, the Director of the A.T.C., and his associates, like Air Commodore Chamier and Air Commodore Warrington-Morris, C.M.G., should be at pains to start a campaign against careless talk among the A.T.C. It would be a great pity if any question ever arose about discontinuing visits to the Stations. At the same time, it is asking a great deal of these enthusiastic boys to observe absolute discretion.

In conclusion, the A.T.C. is probably the finest addition to public life that this country has ever seen. It is rapidly breaking down any question of class consciousness at an early age. It makes for physical and mental fitness in a way that the best-run missions can never hope to emulate. It continues the good work of the Boy Scouts organisation. It provides a nucleus for future air crews and maintenance staffs. Above all, it encourages patriotism and pride in British feats of arms which were deliberately ignored for so long by most elementary school-teachers.

WITHIN THE CAPACIOUS INTERIOR OF THE NEW FLYING FORTRESS: Two air-gunners from the U.S.A. on a flight, with their very heavy-calibre machine-guns preparing to repel an attack by enemy fighter aircraft during training over here

THE CLEVERLY-ARRANGED TAIL-TURRET BENEATH THE RUDDER: A picture which clearly shows the size of the big guns mounted in the new Flying Fortress

THE FLYING FORTRESS, with which the American Air Force Have Carried Out Some Fine Bombing Raids in Europe

The huge four-engined aircraft known to the R.A.F. as the Fortress II, but to the U.S. Army Air Force as the B-17E, has already distinguished itself in operational flights over the Occupied Territories: it is soon likely to distinguish itself further, because more U.S. bomber crews are now completing their training at British airfields taken over from the R.A.F.

The Fortress II, the first example of which only took the air as recently as September 1941, is now in large-scale production: it is being built at Seattle and Wichita, as well as in the Douglas factories at Long Beach and the Vega works in California. These factories are, in addition to their own production, absorbing parts and assemblies made by fifty-five sub-contractors and standard parts and equipment from 193 other companies throughout the U.S.

The new aircraft is a redesign of the original type, embodying a completely new rear fuselage, with enlarged horizontal and vertical tail surfaces, and incorporating a tail turret. Its armament has also been redesigned to include power-driven turrets above and below the fuselage: protective armour and leak-proof tanks are also fitted

IN MID-AIR the huge aircraft makes an impressive picture. This plane has just taken off from an airfield in England for a training flight: hence the undercarriage is still in the down position. Note the lower turret beneath the fuselage amidships, which protects the aircraft from attack from below

AWAY FROM THESE WARS. . . .

Memories and Thoughts of the Years Between

—A Fortnightly Causerie **By J. G.**

INTO THE 1920's AGAIN—THINGS EPHEMERAL

SOCIETY'S HEYDAY.—We went over to luncheon with Lady Ormonby, the Dowager. The talk turned upon the splendour of London society in the Victorian and the Edwardian ages. She looked to me and said: "You can bear me out before these young people that London society in those days possessed a culture, a brilliance, a dignity which can never return." But I could only remember how Lady Ormonby used to treat her footmen and the governess in that brilliant epoch.

People who Count.—In our village, the Bartons are persons of the first importance. He is a clever doctor and a highly skilled surgeon, a chief asset to the local hospital and a welcome friend to every cottager in trouble. She is an able organiser, and carries on her shoulders the responsibilities of most of our village institutions. She runs the library, attends, instructs and entertains the Women's Institute, manages the affairs of the village hall and half-a-dozen other social benefits. She is the devoted mother and wise nurse of a numerous young family, makes poultry pay on a big scale, keeps pigs and salts her bacon, breeds dogs and is the equal in knowledge and industry of any first-class, single-handed gardener and cook. Yet neither of them is ever too busy to give help or advice to a neighbour, nor attend any festive occasion. Dr. Barton, with his fine baritone voice, is always cast for a leading part in the productions of the operatic society, and never a week passes but I read in the local paper that Mrs. Barton took second prize in a whist drive or guessing competition in aid of the village hall fund.

Indecent Assault.—The Bank Holiday crowds streamed back to London, leering and triumphant. Outraged Mother Earth woke, ashamed and exhausted, to the morning sunshine on the commons. Bruished, torn, blackened, dishevelled, in a welter of broken bottles, greasy newspaper and charred vegetation.

It is significant to recall those early pioneers from London who discovered the country, when the safety bicycle was invented, and left it as clean and smiling as they found it. These were the sons of strict Victorian parents, who had learned patience and restraint, decency and discipline, in a hard school. It was our pleasure to laugh at those Victorian parents, and to despise that flabby acceptance of the rights of "the rich man in his castle." It was very different with the motoring millions, the free and enlightened democracy of our day, who spread over the countryside intent on outrage and indecent assault. So much for thirty years of education.

The radio used to do its best, with its tactful holiday hints delivered in the far too polite tones of South Kensington.

If only one could have enlisted the Sensational Press; could have urged in certain quarters in Fleet Street that the subject of desecration of the countryside possessed an obvious and red-hot sex appeal. It was, after all, an intriguing news item, this prolonged and indecent assault.

Modern Marriage.—When Phyllis, the last of the Dowager Lady Ormonby's brood, the only one to benefit by a post-war upbringing, announced her engagement, the child (Lady Ormonby assured me) was lamentably reticent, skimping those very details most important in a mother's eyes. The young man's surname, correctly spelt, was ultimately extracted, but of his parentage, profession and prospects Phyllis admitted an ignorance as profound as her mother's.

He was summoned to a luncheon in Belgrave Square, the nearer relations being invited in the time-honoured manner. Lady Ormonby was convinced when, half an hour late, he sauntered in, that she was to be mother-in-law to a fisherman. Bell-like trousers and a thick dark-blue jersey up to the chin "completed his equipment." As a matter of fact, though he was reluctant to speak on any subject to anyone present, Phyllis included, his leanings were understood to be artistic. They were married at once, of course, and for three years lived happily enough, well abreast of the cocktail fashions, on £300 a year.

Phyllis came to Ormonby to stay with her mother during a brief grass-widowhood while her Peter was on a job in America. Phyllis herself explained to me the nature of the job, a task beyond Lady Ormonby.

It appeared that Pat Monach, the famous speed-boat woman, wanted a new design tried out at Chicago. Unable to go across herself, she persuaded Molly Barter to go instead. Molly said, "O.K., but I couldn't stick the boredom of it alone." Pat said she'd finance a boy friend. Molly asked Peter's brother, Bill. Bill said he'd go, but couldn't stick Molly single-handed. So in the end Pat agreed to finance a party of three. "And," added Phyllis, "Peter stuck out for reasonable pocket-money while the job lasts. Peter's no fool."

Charity of Mrs. Baxter.—When every avenue of conversation seemed closed, I tried the day's news. I see (I said) that Lady Viola has gone back to America to take up her old part in the *Miracle*. Mrs. Baxter, a star in the firmament of Girl Guides, made disapproving noises. "A type of woman," said she, "that gives a wrong impression of England abroad." "She is certainly very intelligent," I agreed. "I didn't refer to her intelligence," said Mrs. Baxter; "I don't hold with such goings-on in a young mother." "I expect you know her better than we do," said I. "I don't know her personally," admitted Mrs. Baxter; "I know *of* her."

Epitaph on a Peer who was also a Gossip Writer —

Here lies (as usual) Jude, Lord Littleworth,
Who sold his soul, his birthright and his kin.
Compelled to peer through keyholes while on earth,
He finds at last one host who asks him in.

THINGS PERMANENT

When the Sun Shines.—The change in my outlook on life when the sun shines is so stupendous that almost I regret a habitation enforced in this mist-wreathed island. But perhaps constant ups and downs are as good for men as for accumulators. Like sundials and poultry, I do the job for which I was created only when the sun shines. No doubt one cannot lay eggs, or tell the hours, or love to be alive all day and every day without loss of efficiency. The South African exile soon pines for grey skies and wet sea-mists, and man, because he is quickly satisfied, is never satisfied.

An Exception.—No exercise in criticism is so vain as the effort to award the palm of supremacy in any sphere of art. In polite drawing-rooms it may be that Shakespeare, Beethoven and Rembrandt will pass unchallenged as supreme in their several fields, but the real difficulty in any serious criticism is to determine the limits of the field and the conditions which shall bind competitors in the lists. For all that, at the age of eighteen I distinguished one novel above all that I had then read, and, thirty years later, a voracious novel-reader, I see no cause for altering my opinion. I am not a blind worshipper of Jane Austen. I find *Emma* somewhat tedious now, and the lesser three were never prime favourites of mine. But still, as of old, *Pride and Prejudice* has a unique power over me. I have read it perhaps twenty times, in sad and happy moods, in health and sickness, in green, impressionable youth and in middle age; in bedrooms, in dug-outs, on velvet lawns and in deep armchairs; and still I am not at the end of its resources. Its words I know by heart, but not all the shades of meaning they convey. The vein is never exhausted; still I pick nuggets out. And as of old my interest grows—to the severance of earthly ties—till it reaches its climax with the meeting of Darcy and Elizabeth at Pemberley, when for the first time Darcy steps down from his frame and Elizabeth grows at last divinely human and they are just a pair of lovers of any age and clime, awkward and pathetic; and I am once more in love with love. This meeting is for me a blessed climax, because I know that I have reached the summit of the art of fiction and have still before me the two best comedy scenes in the book, and perhaps in all literature.

SHRIMPING OFF THE EAST COAST: For centuries the men of Essex have provided shrimps for Londoners in the summer, and sprats in winter. At Harwich, Leigh, Southend and Tollesbury, the fishing smacks used to number hundreds in the days of sail; and the food they produced for the country's larder was counted in thousands of tons. To-day, what remains of the fishing fleet still goes fishing for shrimps, and these pictures were taken during a recent visit to one of the shrimping boats. On the right, members of the crew are seen in the grey light of dawn, preparing to drop the trawl over the side. Whether luck will favour them is largely a matter of chance, for shrimps may move several miles overnight in search of their staple food—the Ross worm. In the upper picture is shown the scene after the smacks return. The catch is unloaded and left on the foreshore, ready for collection. A lorry will later pick it up and take it to the railway station. Shrimps are packed in strong, clean baskets, which are later returned to the place of their origin

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

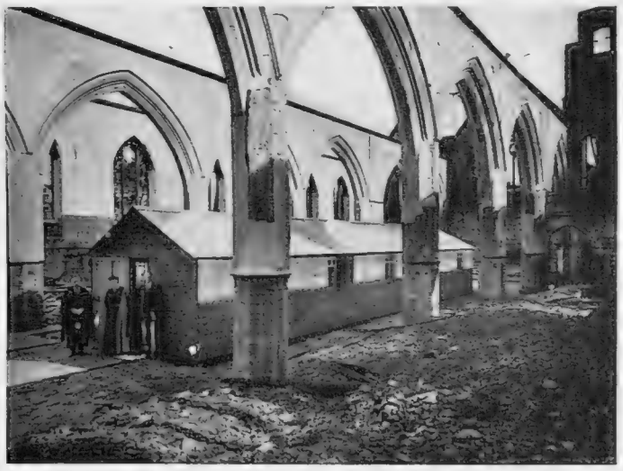
One of the many recent admissions was that of a little boy, brought up by an aunt since three months old, as deserted by parents. Aunt killed by enemy action. No one to look after the child. Case recommended by Welfare Officer. Noble work like this Society needs all the support it can get. Please take a share by sending a gift to Head Office, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

NEWS ITEMS FROM THE HOME FRONT

RELICS OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT FOR SALE—A craftsman shaping some of the Anston stone into art pots: Stonework, timber and stained glass which were salved after the Houses of Parliament had been bombed has been given to the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation. This salvage is now being offered for sale, and purchasers are having small portions converted into various shapes to the designs of Fellows and Associates of the Royal Society of British Architects. Each article will bear a signed certificate of the authenticity of the stone

WOODWORK, PANELS AND DOORS FROM THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, in the stonemason's yard in London, ready to be made up into various ornaments for sale on behalf of war charities

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY, a Garden Show is held in the Orangery at Kensington Gardens: It has taken a war to break the barrier against holding a public event in the Orangery at Kensington Palace. Since it was built in 1704, the Orangery has been kept exclusively as a Palace possession, and hundreds of applications from show organisers have been rejected. Now the ban has been lifted in favour of the Kensington Playing Fields Allotments Association, and they have just held their first Horticultural Show: in the above picture it is seen in progress



A CHURCH WITHIN A CHURCH AT EAST HAM: With his church completely destroyed by German bombs, Canon Hodson of St. Bartholomew's has had a temporary wooden church built within the ruins. Here he carries on with his parish work and provides a suitable place for worship

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY PREACHES IN A FARMYARD: At Fifield Bavant, in Wiltshire, where Sherborne schoolboys are in camp to help in the harvesting. The Bishop holds these services every Sunday

THE CANADIAN-SOVIET CREDIT AGREEMENT IS SIGNED IN LONDON: A credit has been arranged by the Canadian Government with Russia whereby the Soviet may draw up to approximately 9,000,000 bushels of hard spring wheat or flour. The flour that the Soviet will use under this credit will be of the same quality as the United Kingdom is importing at the present time. Shipments are already proceeding. The Ministry of Food are acting as agents for the Canadian Government in these transactions, and both Canada and the Soviet Union find this most helpful, as it avoids congestion and shipping problems. The conclusion of the agreement is a source of great satisfaction to both parties, and it is hoped that it may be the forerunner of closer economic relations. In this picture are seen Mr. D. Bousenko (Trade Representative), his Excellency Mr. J. Maisky (Russia), the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey (Canada) and Lord Woolton, Minister of Food, signing the agreement

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE CHRONICLES OF A SPITFIRE PILOT

A "Week-end" Airman in the Battle of Britain; Two New Novels; Where to Spend One's Leave; France's Sole Enemy

FLIGHT-LIEUT. CROOK, D.F.C., was one of the handful of pilots who fought the Battle of Britain. During it he kept a journal, so that his book, SPITFIRE PILOT (Faber. 5s.) has the merit of being fresh and first-hand.

He was a member of an Auxiliary Squadron (No. 609). "We did our peacetime training at week-ends and in the evenings." August 1939 found them in training camp. In May 1940 the author did his first solo in a Spitfire. "Practically everybody who has flown a Spitfire thinks it is the most marvellous aircraft ever built." Two months later he was in action against the *Luftwaffe*. In the following November he was posted to another squadron and the story ends.

Göring's *Luftwaffe* had for seven years been building and training for this attack. "Day after day," says our week-end airman, "battles of incredible ferocity were taking place, often at a height of five or six miles. Many hundreds of German bombers and fighters littered the fields and country-side, and yet each morning brought a fresh wave of enemy aircraft. . . .

"The strain on everybody in Fighter Command was very heavy indeed during this period. There were so many attacks to meet and so few pilots to do it—only a few hundred of us in all, and on many occasions only about half that number were actually engaged. A number of these pilots had only just arrived in squadrons to replace the losses of the previous months. At the end of Dunkirk, in June, one-quarter of the pilots in Fighter Command had been killed, and now, half-way through September, there were not so many left of those who had started the summer's fighting."

These are asides, for most of Flight-Lieut. Crook's book is taken up with descriptions of combats. His squadron accounted for over a hundred "certainties" during that period, which means that they probably polished off double that number. They brought down the Dornier which crashed near Victoria Station, shot down the famous Major Wieck, and mixed into the most formidable formation of bombers and fighters ever to attack our coasts. This was the famous Weymouth scrap—"a very nice little massacre." "And so back home, flying very low the whole way, generally playing the fool and feeling gloriously happy and elated!"

Only the other day I read somewhere that Billy Bishop had been telling cadets at a Canadian training centre that the tactics of aerial fighting were not materially different from those of the last war. Looking again through some of the author's scraps, I am inclined to agree, except, of course, on the score of speed and manœuvrability. In itself speed is relative, and the chap who can climb fastest into the eye of the sun will always have the bulge on the other fellow. (Though what in the name of goodness a 600-m.p.h. dive-slap through a formation of bombers can be relative to, I confess I don't know.)

Earlier on I mentioned one of this book's merits. It has others even more remarkable. The airmen of the last war were conspicuously inarticulate. Their experiences were not dissimilar, but the number of worth-while records printed could be counted on the fingers of one hand.. A generation apart finds quite a lot of them able to set it all down graphically and unselfconsciously. It is fashionable nowadays to be impressed by what is known as good reporting.

The eyewitnesses roamed the trouble spots of the world before and since the war on plutocratic expense sheets and large salaries. This modest little book, in its very simplicity of suspense and action, leaves them all standing and looking like two cents.

Mr. Booth Tarkington's title for his new novel is very apt, although THE FIGHTING LITTLES (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) concerns an ordinary family in a small modern American town and not a saga of the North West passage or the War Between the States.

The Littles certainly do fight, if it is only among themselves. Mr. Ripley Little, a formerly jovial man, soured by the Depression, Roosevelt's third Term and an adolescent son and daughter, is by far the book's most important character. He is one of those men of whom, in real life, it can be said that their presence in a house alters and charges the atmosphere from roof to cellar. The curious thing about Mr. Little is that he is really a very nice man, but he is exasperated, and in my view pardonably, by barking chow dogs, furniture-smashing visitors and all-night piano parties thoughtfully held in the room below his bedroom. For Mr. Little is, throughout the story, in a state of seething and poorly-suppressed rage.

What emerges with a little diligence—and a little knowledge of ordinary families—from the reader's study is that American children between the ages of fifteen and eighteen are possibly good-looking and certainly overwhelming, and that you and I, though perhaps not Mr. Tarkington, would make a far worse job of being a parent to them than Mr. Fighting Little.

As always, Mr. Tarkington is supremely good when writing about children. Young Filmer is a kind of less delightful and slightly less ingenious Penrod, and there are the same childish ecstasies and despairs for his little heart to contend with. There are the same tragi-comic misunderstandings, too, between adult and child in which, again as always, the author manages to see and to expound both sides of the case.

This is a charming novel, and with far more humour than Mr. Little's outbursts would portend.

ANNA (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is one of those novels to which it is, by now, almost literary etiquette to apply the words long, rich and infinitely varied.

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There is no doubt that it is long (432 pages long), or that some of the characters in it are very rich indeed. And it is varied in the sense that a well-planned tourist agency's trip, taking in rural England, flighty Monaco, provincial Germany, and one contrived "adventure," is varied.

In this case the adventure is a longish interlude in besieged Paris during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, a grim period in history which has been recurring as a novelist's theme quite often.

Anna, whose long life is traced here from schoolroom to cemetery, is one of those people to whom things happen. This, contrary to what one might imagine, does not make her an interesting or a colourful character. I waited with less and less breathlessness for the lady to make something happen on her own, but in vain. Anna remained a consistent victim of circumstance, good or bad, and a remarkably uninteresting woman, to her last day. In an early chapter there seemed to be signs that she might develop on finely-callous Becky Sharp lines with a calculating eye on her own future and a strong hand in the direction of that future. But the signs were misleading, or I read them wrong, and the calculating element turned out to be no more than a passivity which led her into a number of passionless marriages and affairs.

Mr. Norman Collins leads his heroine through prisons, convents, casinos, Chislehurst, attics and rose arbours with more sense of period than of personality. Anna remains a cold fish, if a handsome one, and at her least convincing in such statements as the following, made to a love-lorn, and by chance unsuccessful, suitor. "Poor Jervase," she says. "You're so much in love and I know how it hurts. But it's no use."

Anna is quite right there. It's no use thinking that any reader's heart will beat faster or more slowly for Anna, although the book that has been built round her shows such a well-travelled mind and has itself such immense readability.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay's wartime version of LET'S HALT AWHILE, which he has published at five shillings, will not, I hope, be limited to English readers. Its recommendations, all made from personal experience, of where to spend a leave are thoroughly and reliably documented and make a most valuable book of reference. Because Mr. Courtenay is not only a valuable guide to good hotels and inns all over the British Isles, but has the sense and feel of each distinctive piece of country-side, I would like to suggest a wide reading of his book among the American Forces over here. I do hope that somebody in authority will take a look at it from that angle. There is a long winter ahead, and there are lots of places in this island where one can spend a pleasant leave at any time of the year.

M. Paul Simon was the Editor of *Valmy*, one of France's underground newspapers. In the words of General de Gaulle, he "thinks and feels simply, as the people of Paris think and feel," and his experiences since June 1940 make a very moving record. UN SEUL ENNEMI: L'ENVAHISSEUR (Continental Publishers—formerly Hachette), the title chosen for these reminiscences, was also the slogan printed on every copy of this brave little sheet. It is unnecessary to underline M. Simon's political sympathies. Two chapters of extraordinary interest are those that deal respectively with the collaborationist and the underground Press. The author's knowledge of these, the only two aspects of the French Press to-day, is comprehensive, and some of his conclusions are devastating, including his warning against some of the underground publications themselves, which are often edited and circulated by the Germans and are, as he says, "one of the Machiavellian forms of Nazi propaganda." There is only one enemy: the Invader! That battle-cry is an echo of the spirit of France that has never died.

THE NEW LONDON PLAYS

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

INTERNATIONAL BALLET.—The International Ballet at His Majesty's invites comparison with the recent season of Russian Ballet at the Cambridge Theatre, which I thought extraordinarily good. It is less Russian, and the repertoire, although not without novelties, is more familiar. But quite new was the ballet version of *Twelfth Night*. I suppose the Sadler's Wells company, with their successful *Hamlet*, has set the fashion for terpsichorean Shakespeare, and that we may now expect to see, in due course, every single one of the plays danced to. For my part, I do not like the Bard ballet-fied, just as I prefer my Brahms symphonies neat, and not mixed with pirouettes and arabesques, etc. However, this *Twelfth Night* is an interesting and intelligent effort. The directing brain of the season is Miss Mona Inglesby, an enthusiast who can also dance; in *The Swan Lake* she lifts up the Inglesby leg-ends with consummate grace.

Opera.—The Sadler's Wells Opera Company are back again at the New Theatre, where they are always welcome, though this theatre is hardly big enough for the purpose, and not likely to suit those who like their grand opera to be—well, grand. I have recently been hearing some excellent performances by the historic Carl Rosa Company, who are enjoying a successful provincial tour. The vast Brighton Hippodrome I found packed in every corner, mostly by young fellows in uniform and their girl-friends enjoying a large and first-rate orchestra and scenery not far below the standard of Covent Garden in the great days. Miss Joan Hammond sang exquisitely in the title-role of *Madame Butterfly*. As for Mr. Kingsley Lark in Gounod's *Faust*, I had not seen a better Mephistopheles since Chaliapine. Here is a grand singer and an equally good actor. There are rumours of a West End season in the near future. The sooner the better.

A FAMOUS ANGLO-FRENCH ACTOR, M. André Randall, who is playing a leading part in *Wild Rose*, the new romantic musical play at the Princes Theatre. Equally at home in London or in Paris, M. Randall will be remembered by many for his leading roles at the Casino de Paris, in the happier days before the German occupation of the French capital. M. Randall has been in England since shortly after the outbreak of war. Here he is seen in the role of Gaston de Frey in *Wild Rose*

Men in Shadow.—This new gallant-doings-in-Occupied-France play at the Vaudeville is mighty like *Salt of the Earth*, which preceded it at this theatre. Brave British airmen who have baled out, nice French people, nasty Nazis, and all the rest of it. Which is about all that I need say, except that it is remarkably well written, well acted and well produced. The leading part is brilliantly played by Mr. John Mills. The authoress, Mary Hayley Bell, is Mrs. John Mills.

Until then . . . The time will come when, like the Phœnix, China's emblem of peace, that country will arise from the fire of war, a nation whose spirit is unconquerable. October 10th is the Birthday of the Chinese Republic. On that day Britain's Birthday Gift will be presented to Madame Chiang Kai-shek for the people of China. Make this gift worthy of one great people to another.

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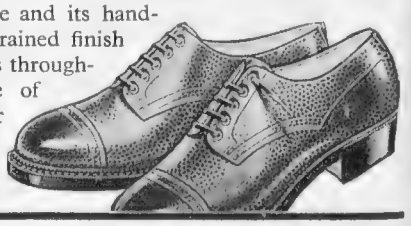

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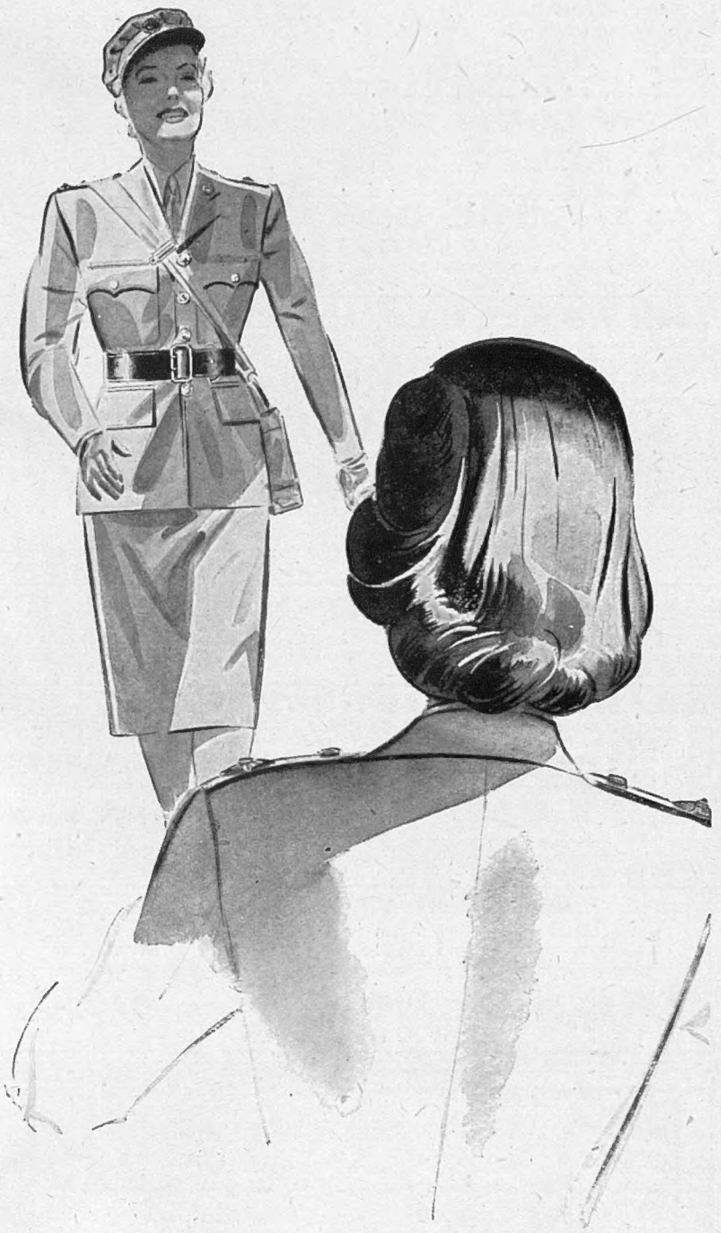

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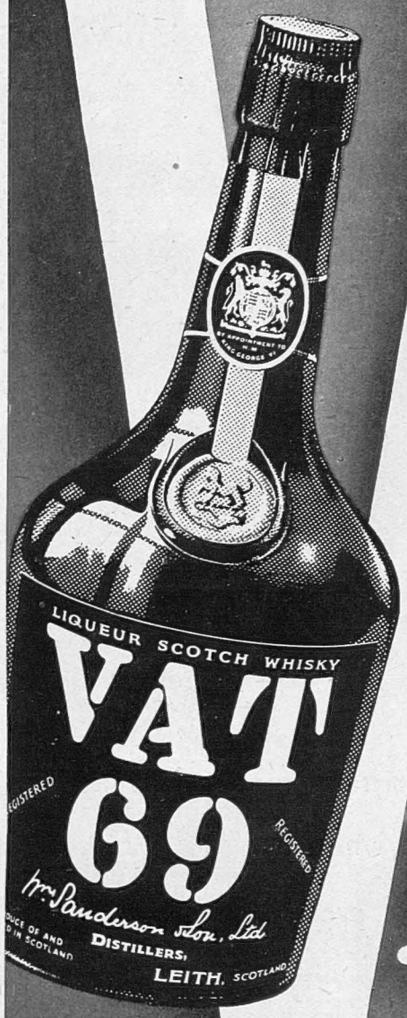

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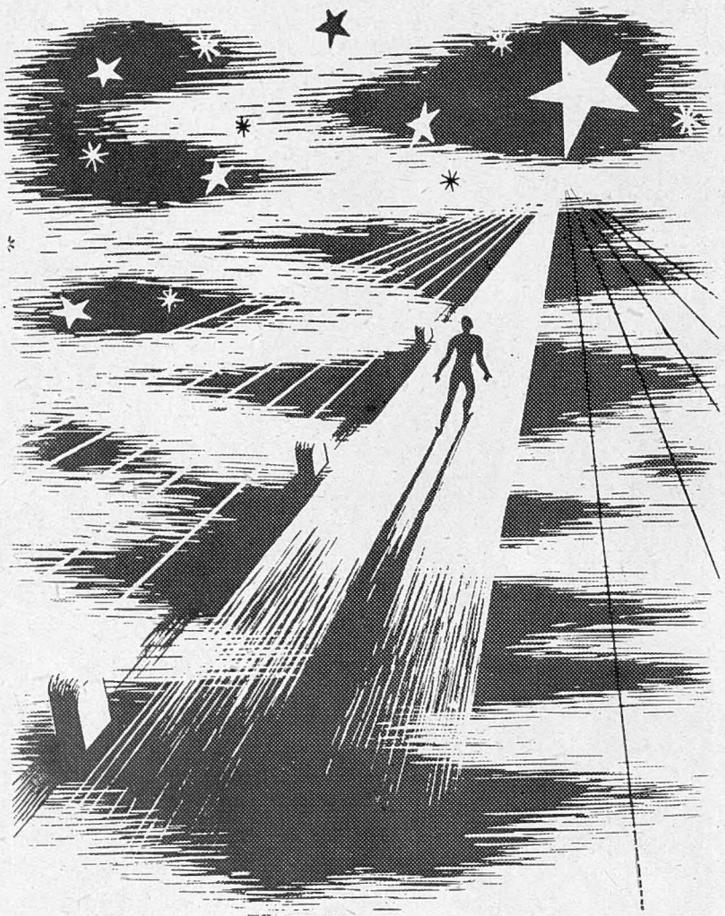

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